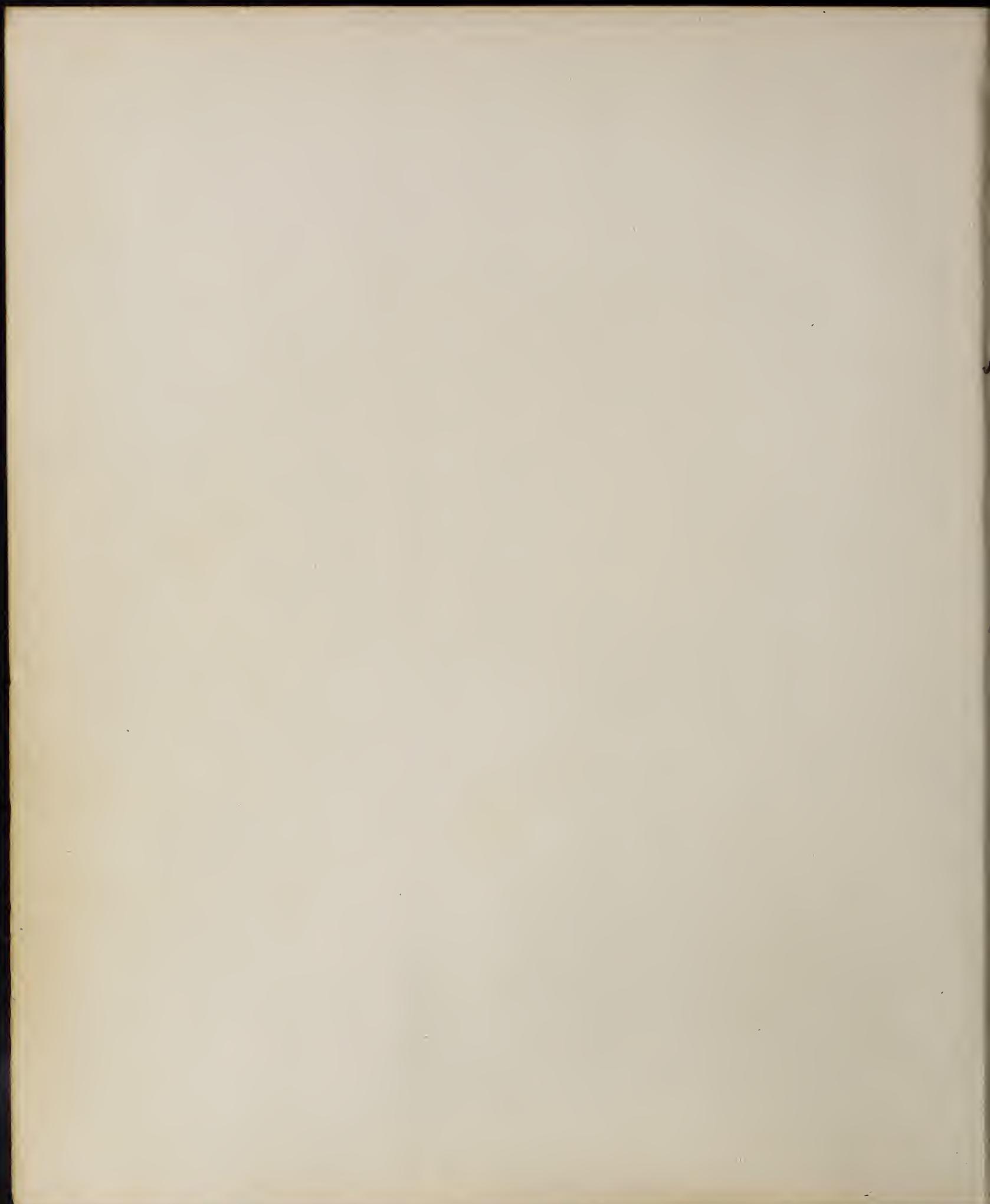
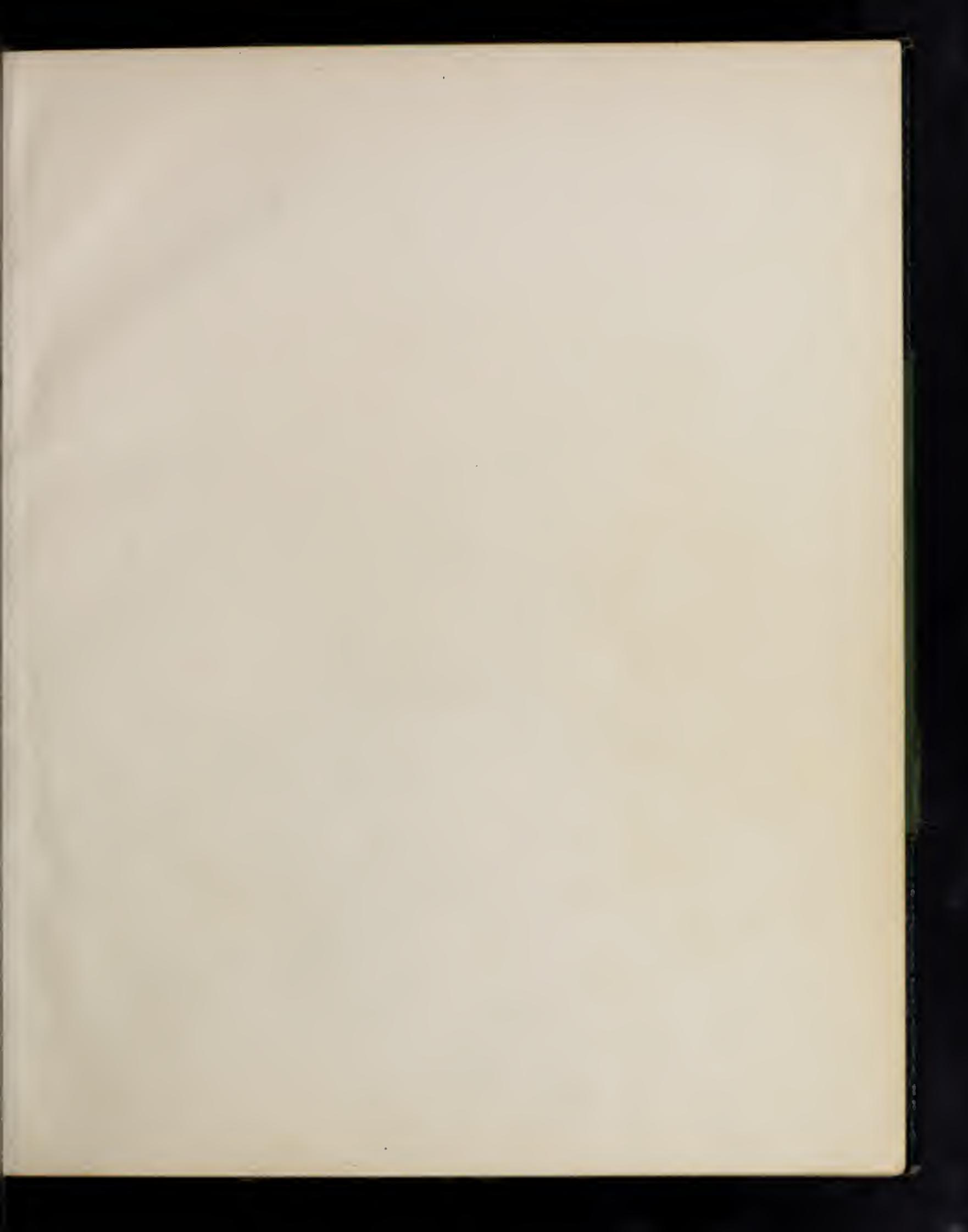


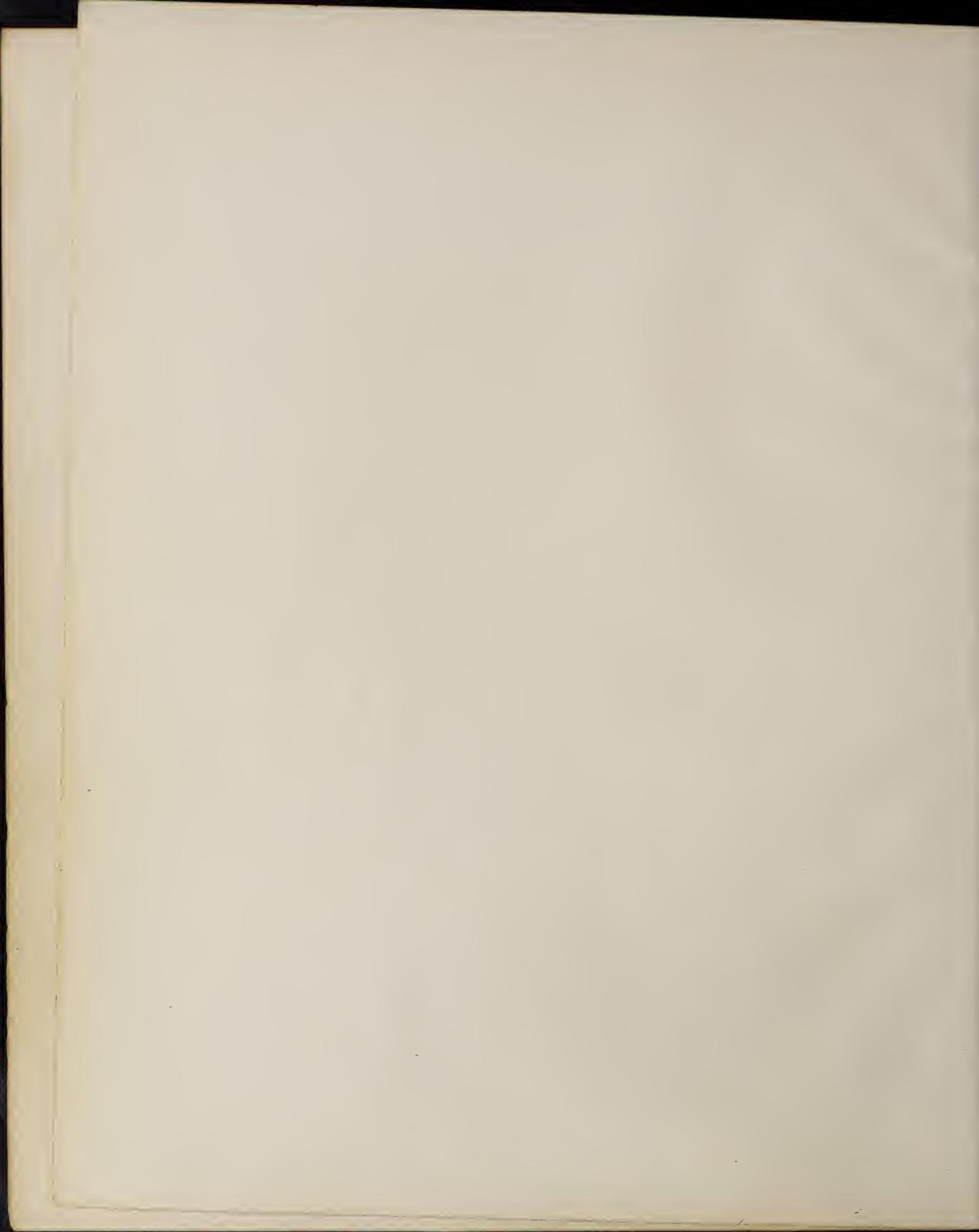
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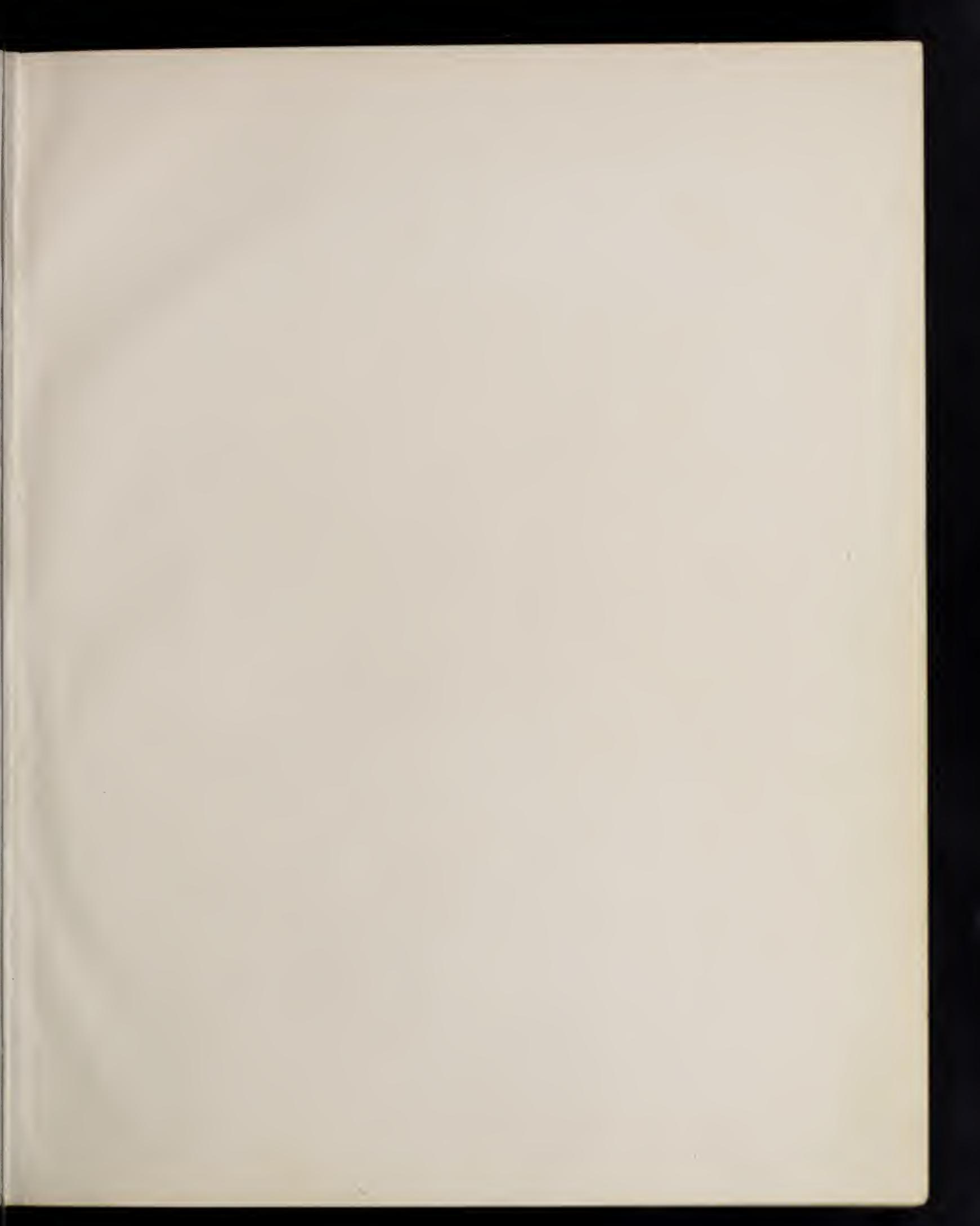


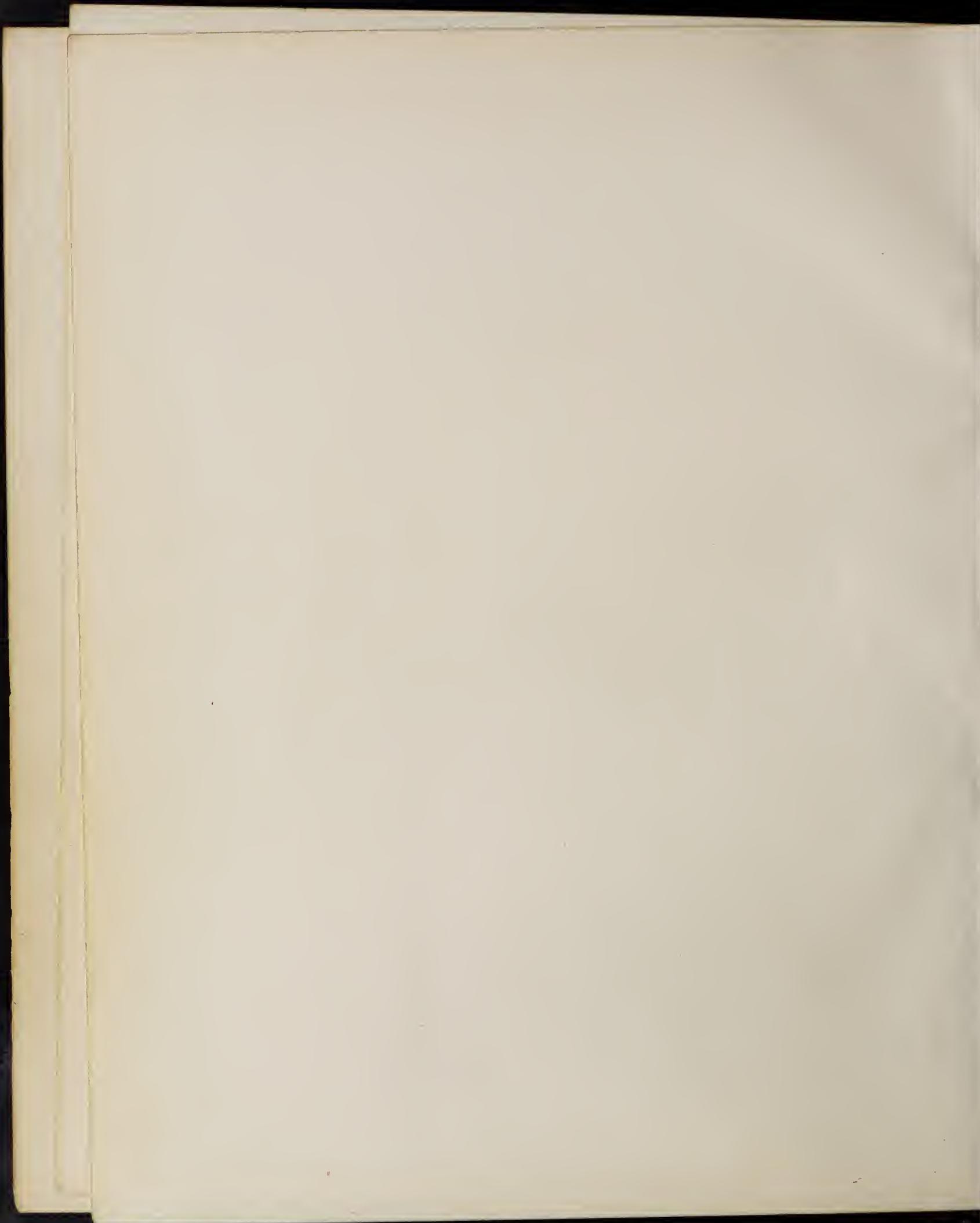




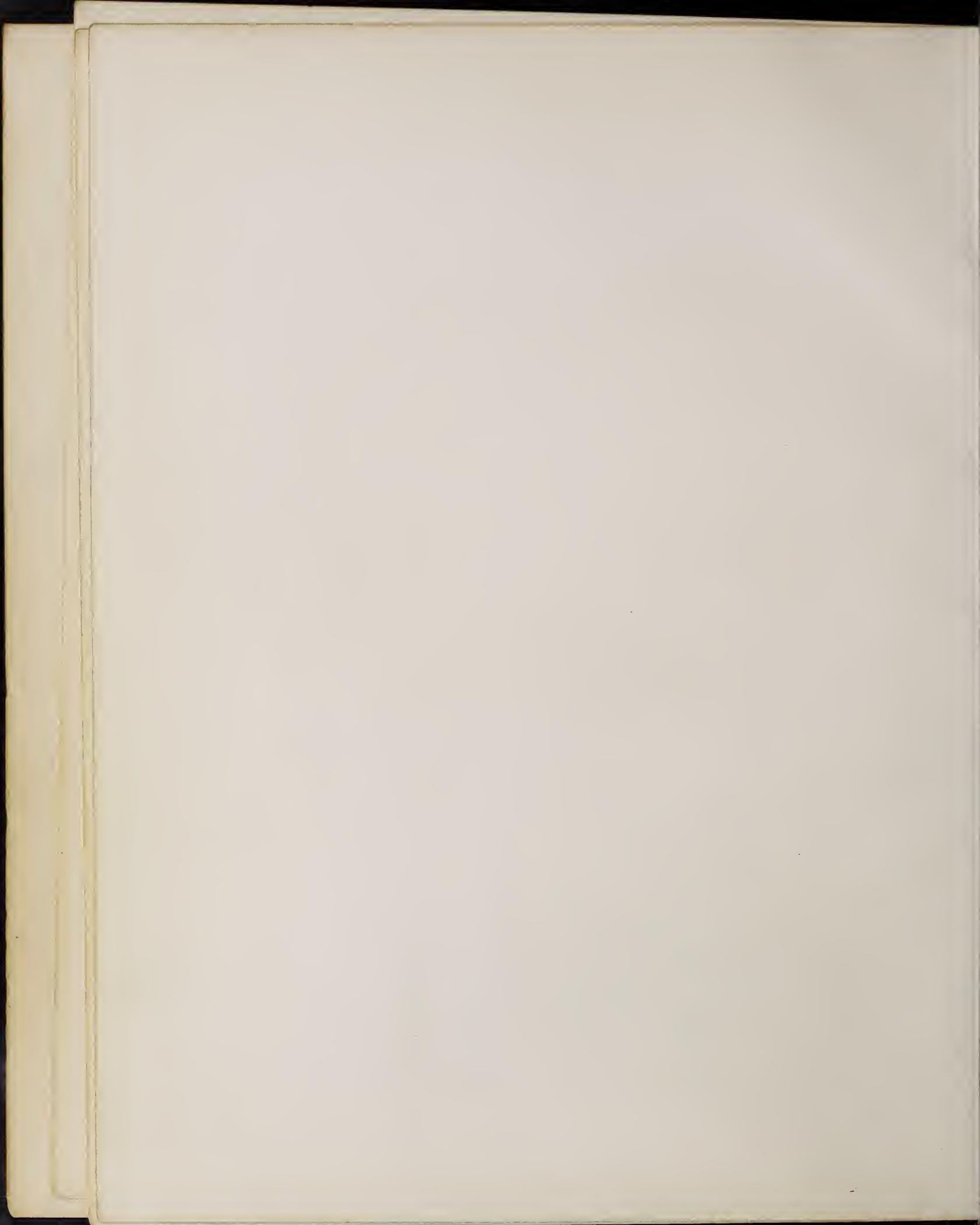




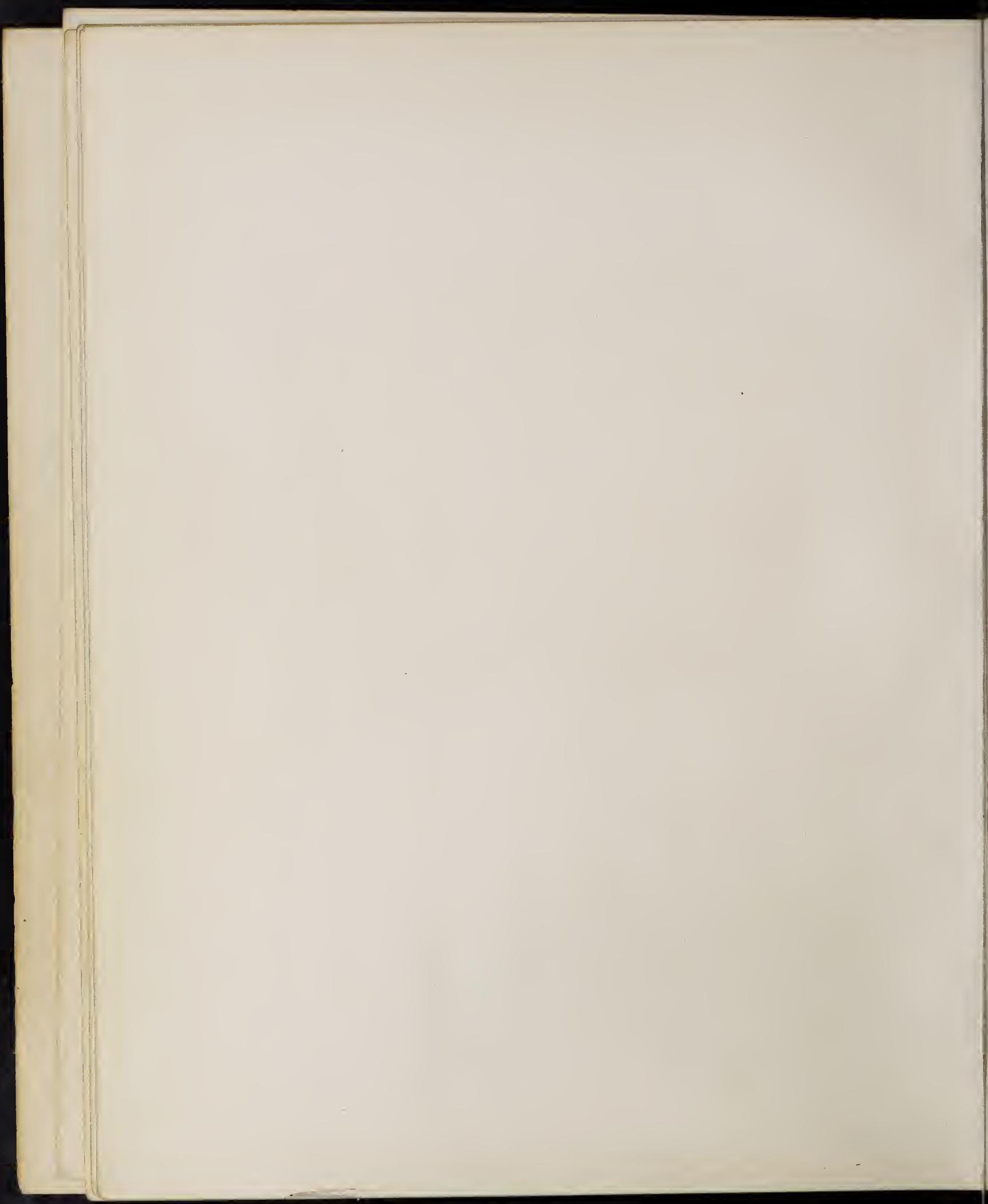










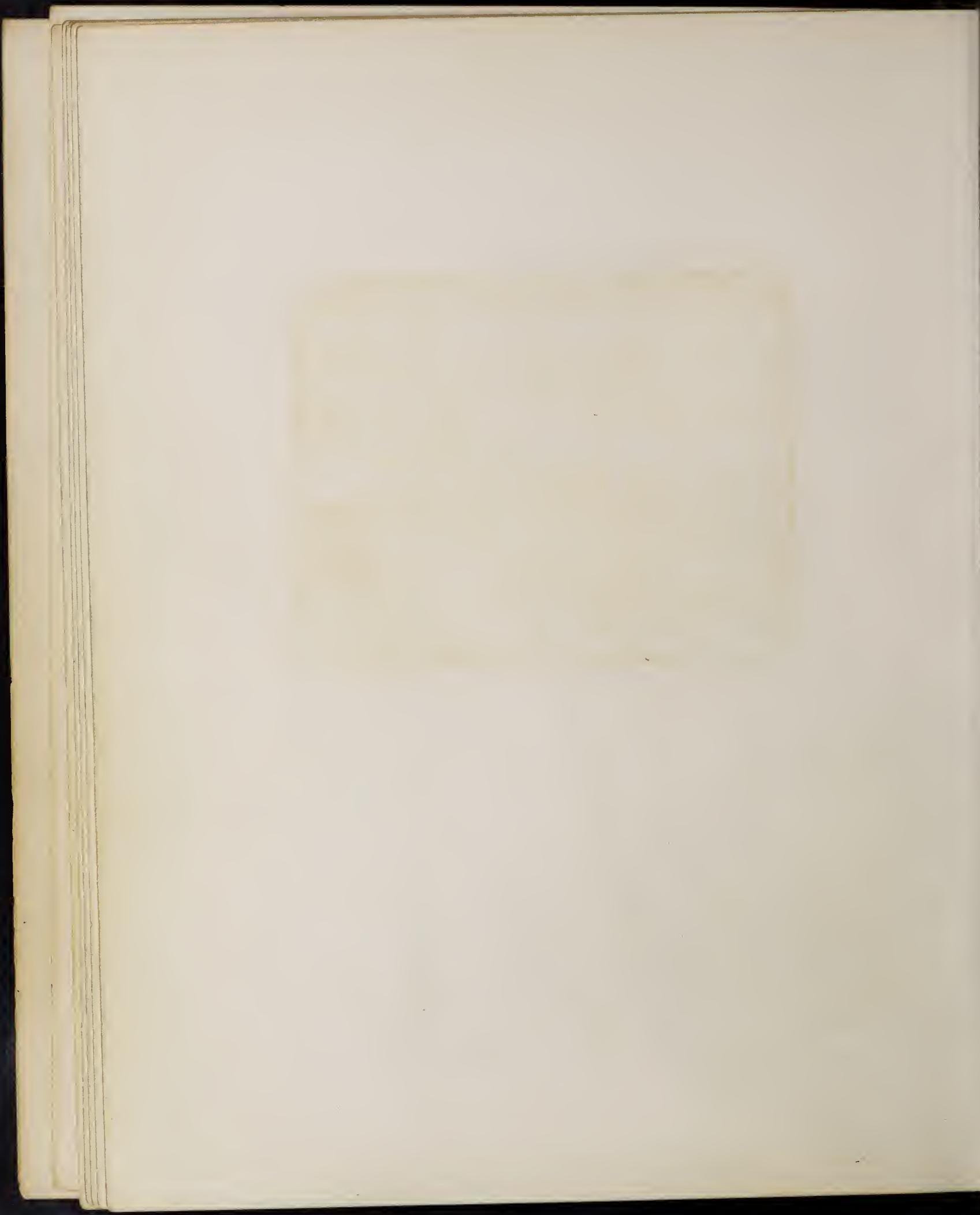






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DEDICATION



To the one who first welcomed us to E.N.C., who carefully watches
over our class attendance and our scholastic achievements;
To an example of quiet dignity and unobtrusive Christian living;
To the wife of the man to whose memory the Nease Library stands
as a monument;
To you, Mrs. Madeline N. Nease, we respectfully dedicate the
Greenbook of 1953.



EDITORIAL

T

he Freshman Class has chosen the new Nease Library as the main theme for this year's Green Book. We appreciate and acknowledge the privilege of being the first Freshman Class to study in this beautiful and modern addition to E.N.C.

We have compared the four main stages of the building to the four areas of our lives.

The foundation of the building is symbolic of the spiritual values which form the foundation of one's life. Without the foundation the building could not be constructed and, relatively, without our Maker as the foundation of our lives we are failures.

The structure or framework is comparable to the physical aspect. The structure is essential in attaining the desired goal. Our physical values are similar in that what we do is determined by our physical qualities and abilities.

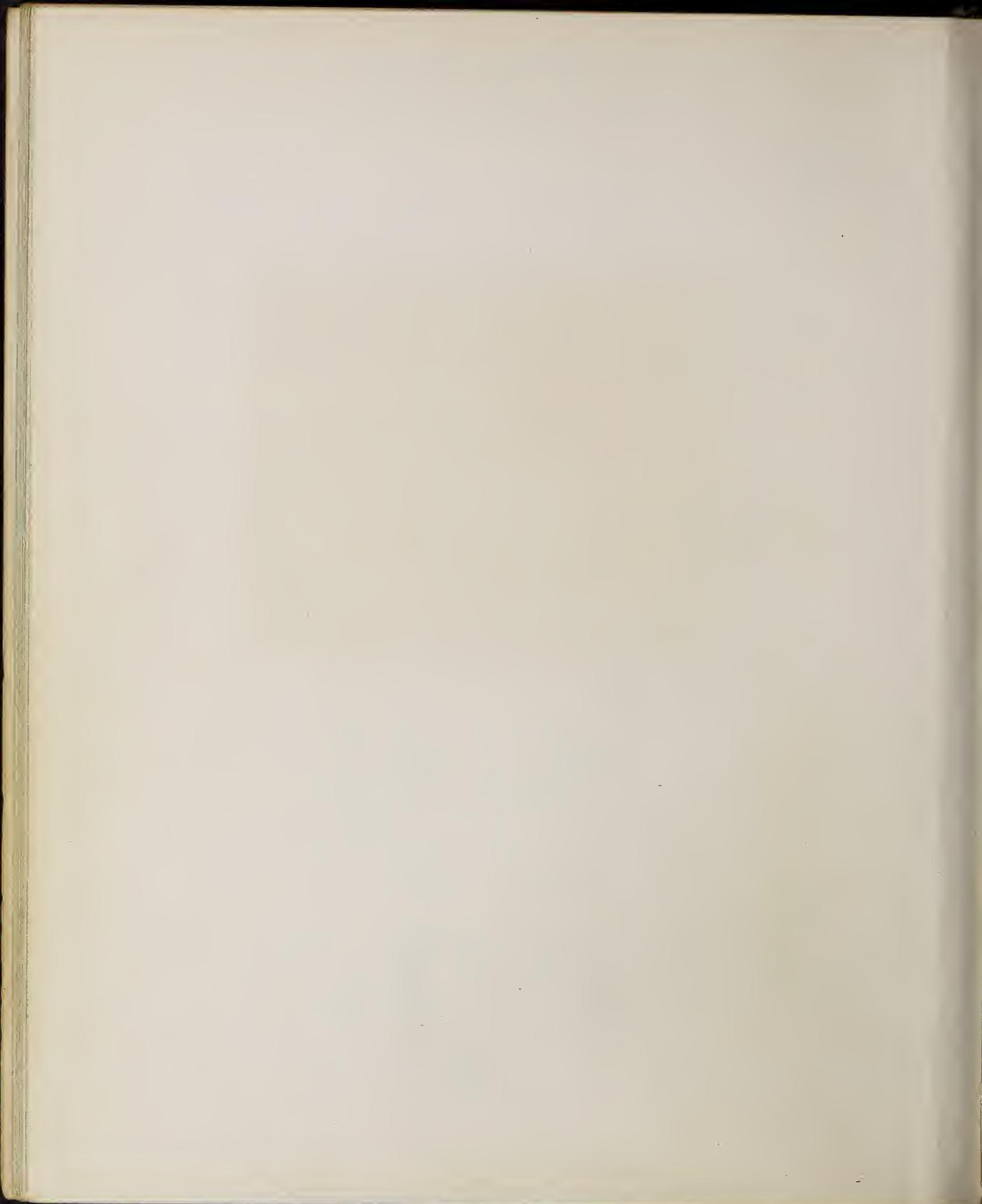
The finishing touches of the interior make the library attractive and ready for use. Similarly, our lives through our personalities are made attractive by our continuous social relationships.

The contents or books in the library are, of course, essential in our quest for learning and these we have associated with the mental phase of life.

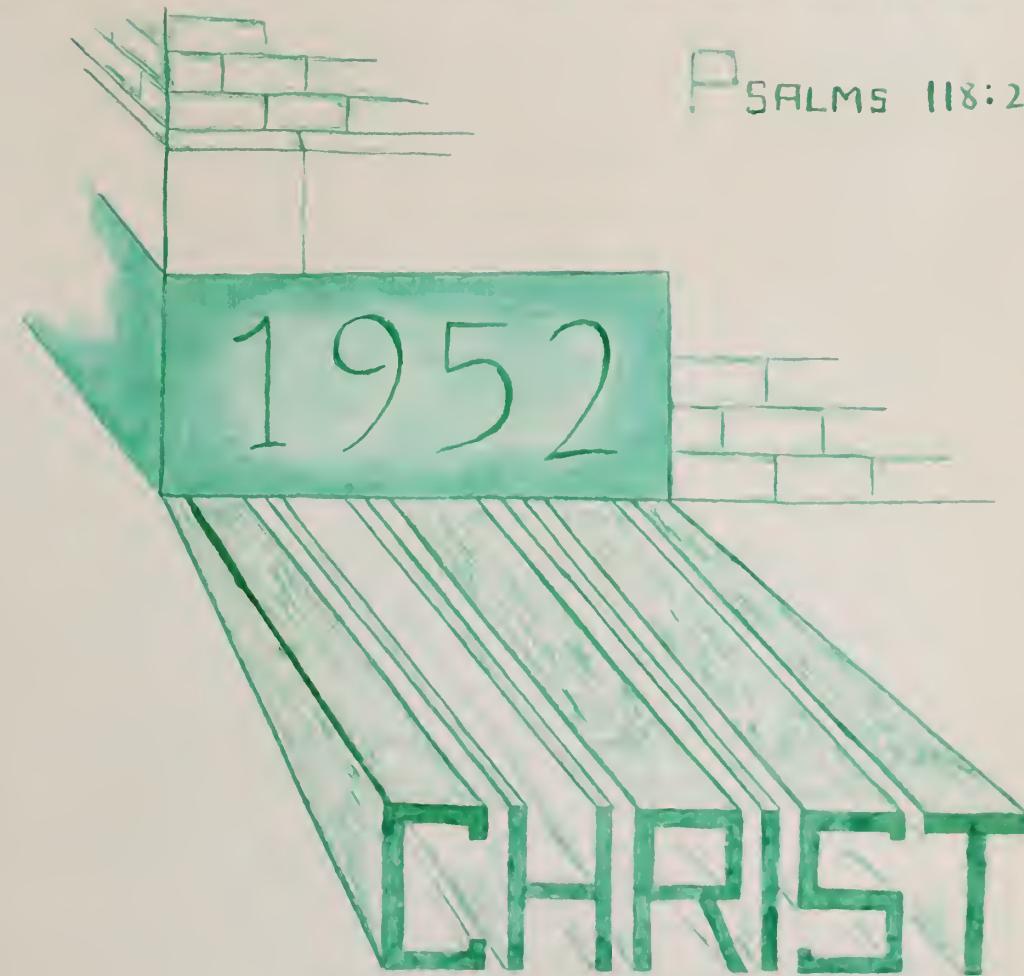
"For we are laborers together with God: ye are God's husbandry, ye are God's building."

I Corinthians 3:9

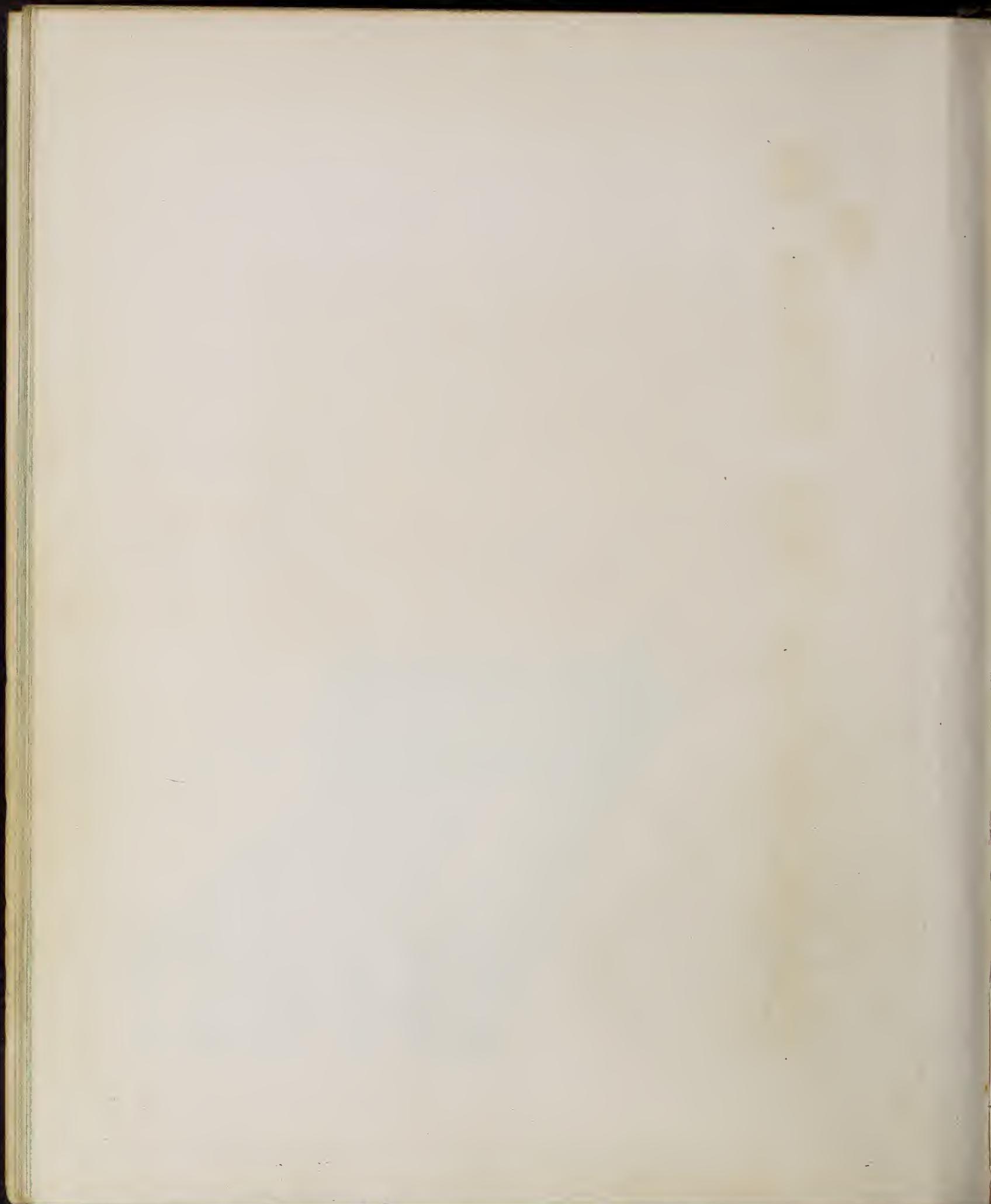
Beverly Gately



"THE STONE WHICH THE
BUILDERS REFUSED
IS BECOME THE HEAD
STONE OF THE CORNER"



PSALMS 118:22



BUILDERS INC CHRIST



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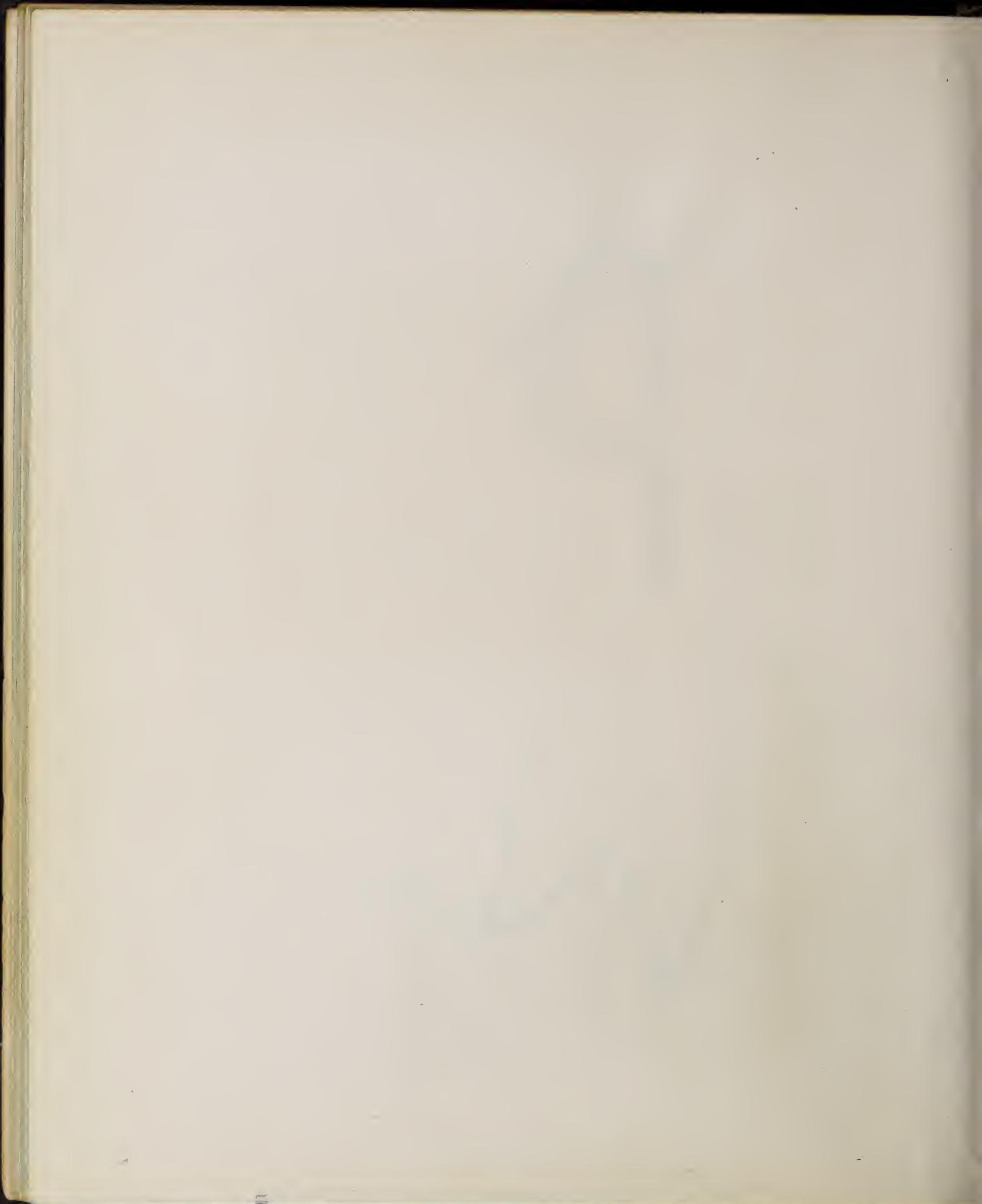
PRESS

FACULTY ADVISOR - PROF. GOLDEN

CONTRACTOR







THE LIBRARY SPEAKS

ome within my pastel green walls; step quietly but boldly on my tan tile floors. Stack your worries outside my glass doors. Let the darkness of your ignorance fade beneath the soft gleam of my fluorescent lights. Turn your thoughts of home, the Dugout, and your 'one and only' into quests for more knowledge, better understanding, and new friends. Lose yourself in my quiet atmosphere and find yourself in a new world--a world of books. Yes, come within my walls, and make friends with me.

"You seem lost among my stacks and buried beneath my 22,000 volumes. You've been away from me entirely too long. Why I hardly know you. Somehow you students feel that you can get along without me and at first, my rival, the Dugout, becomes your bosom pal. However, all of the E.N.C.-ers soon learn they're lost without me and they long to know me better for I hold the key to all the answers on their finals. I am the door of opportunity and the window of wisdom.

"Have you ever longed to know the great people that have lived? If you like philosophy, science, or mathematics I'll introduce you to Plato, Rousseau, Thales, or Aristotle. Perhaps you're a ministerial student and would like to meet St. Augustine, Martin Luther, and John Wesley. If you like literature I'll introduce you to Molierc, I'll let you see reality through Steinbeck. If you're a poetry lover you will want to meet Virgil, Chaucer, and Wordsworth. As you meet Michelangelo and Raphael you can actually see their works, you can almost hear the music of Bach and Beethoven as you make their acquaintances. Great statesmen like Washington and Lincoln and great orators like Daniel Webster and Patrick Henry will move you with their policies. If you give



these men a chance they'll become alive and real to you. Some of these men haven't been met for a long time. Come, they're waiting to make friends with you.

"You can never travel to all parts of the world but I can show you these places. I can take you from Greenland to the Antarctic and from Newfoundland to the Islands of the Pacific. Through me you can climb the highest mountain, swim the deepest sea, cross the dryest desert, and endure the most frigid zone. I will make you live in gay Paree, quaint old Shanghai, iron curtained Moscow, and cosmopolitan New York.

"Now after you've met these real people and gone to these real places let me take you into the realm of romance and the world of make believe through my novels. Partake of breath-taking experiences in 'TREASURE ISLAND,' indulge in love or hate as you read the 'ROBE,' and play with imagination as you turn the pages of 'HUCKLEBERRY FINN.'

"But it's ten o'clock now and you'll have to leave for tonight. The fleeting moments of another day have passed, but with the dawn of the morning sun and the unlocking of my glass doors, your golden opportunity will open again; your new friends will be waiting for you. Bye now."

...and I left feeling that truly the Nease Memorial Library was "a sanctuary."

Janette M. Moulard



FROM ONE MOUSE TO ANOTHER

D

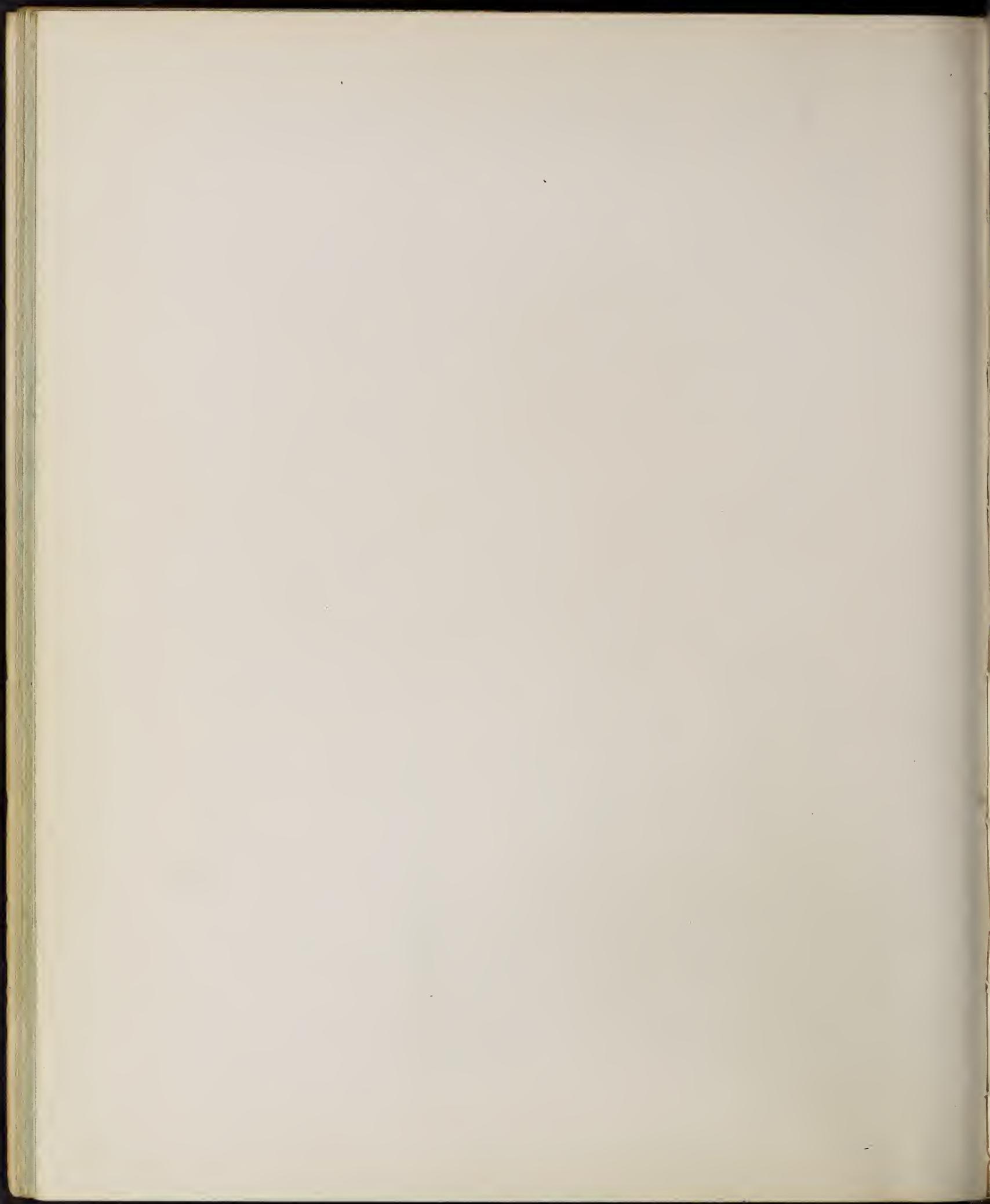
ear Tina,

I'm a displaced mouse now; I have no home. I was quite happy in my home in the dingy, musty old library. But one day I heard a lot of activity. I stuck my nose out of my doorway, and guess what I saw! Lines of people--students, professors, prexy--all carrying books out the door. I had heard rumors about a new library, but I didn't realize they would move in so soon. There were too many people for me to satisfy my curiosity then, so I went back in to take a nap amidst the bustle and hubbub right outside my door.

That night when all was dark and quiet, I came out. What a surprise! All the dusty old tomes were gone from the shelves, there was a bare expanse of floor where the tables had been, and the poor old place looked desolate. It was so silent and creepy I could almost feel my tail curling. I screwed up my courage and went out through that huge hole they had chopped through the wall (it had made a delightful mess) and began to explore.

And I discovered the new library! I looked in through the glass doors and felt horribly insignificant. I couldn't even see the far wall. The floor is brown with white islands on it. All the woodwork is light oak--a regular termite heaven still uninhabited. And the walls are green--I bet the green cheese the moon is made of is that color. I looked for lights hanging down, but there weren't any. I gazed and gazed at that beautiful library and itched to get in. I was so enraptured I forgot to get my supper.

A couple days later my Columbus desires got the best of me, and I



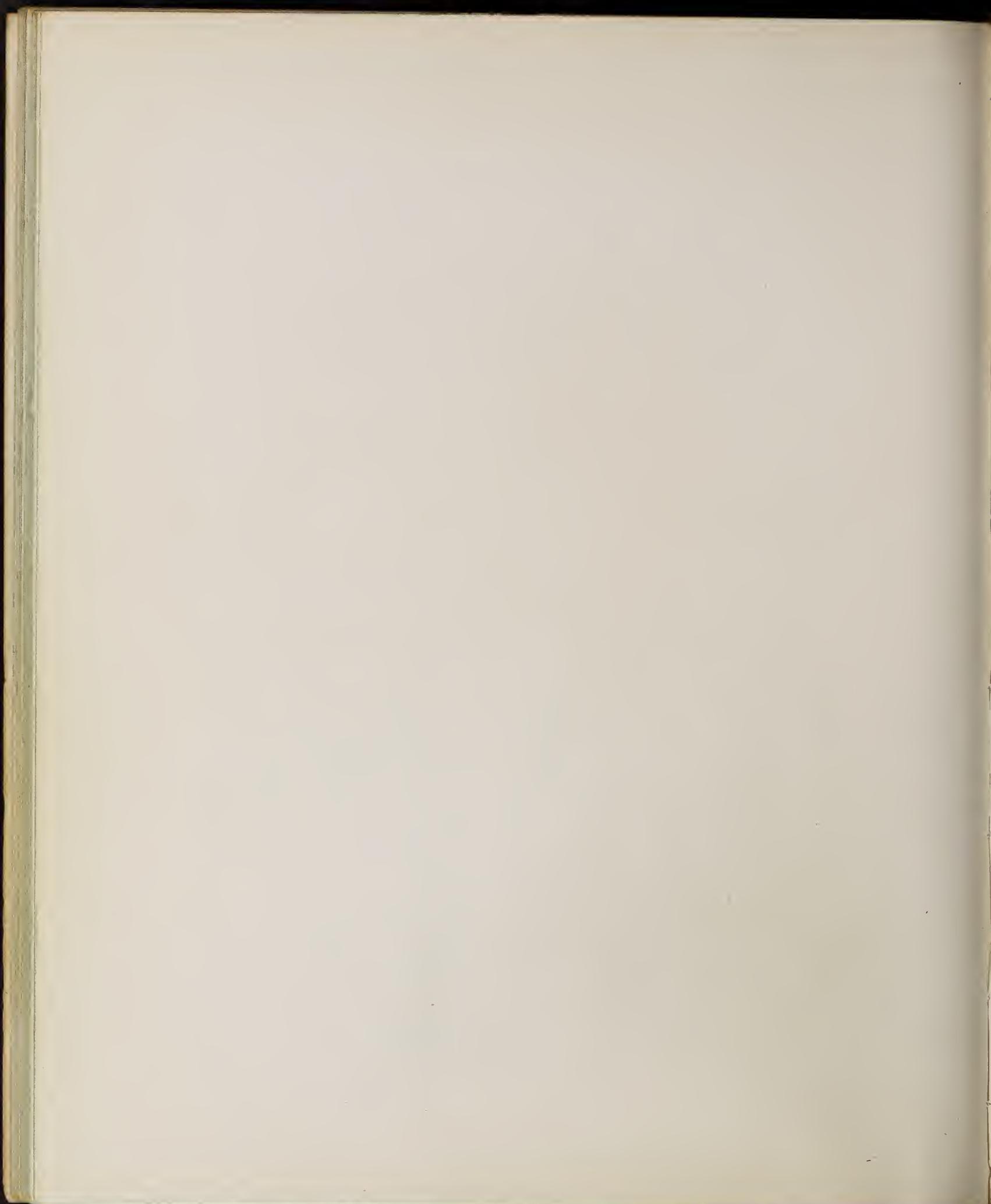
started boldly out in the daylight to explore. Getting into the library wasn't hard, but I could find no place to hide and watch. There were no convenient cracks, and it was much too brightly lighted for any dingy corners. Frightened, I began to run, but everywhere were huge open spaces. It was so quiet I was sure they could hear the patter of my feet. Recklessly I dashed across that desert, more terrified at every step until there was a bang, a pain in my head, and inky blackness.

When I came to myself I realized I was still alive, and a pillar I recognized as a table leg was next to me. I must have run into it. I lay still, too petrified to breathe. I expected any second to feel a giant hand close suddenly over me and squeeze my tummy until it felt as if it were coming up into my neck. But nothing happened. Everybody was studying. No one had noticed me. I never could have come out in plain sight in the old library. What strange new fascination do those dry old volumes have in this light, airy new library? Why are the students who scared me almost out of my fur in the old library by letting in a cat, now so quietly engrossed in study? I don't understand it.

But I'm still out of a home. Beautiful as the new library is, there is simply no place for a mouse. I can't go back to the old library--they're even remodeling that. I have been camping in a pile of debris that has (temporarily, I think) a sign "Reserved for faculty" in the middle. But I'm hoping for better times.

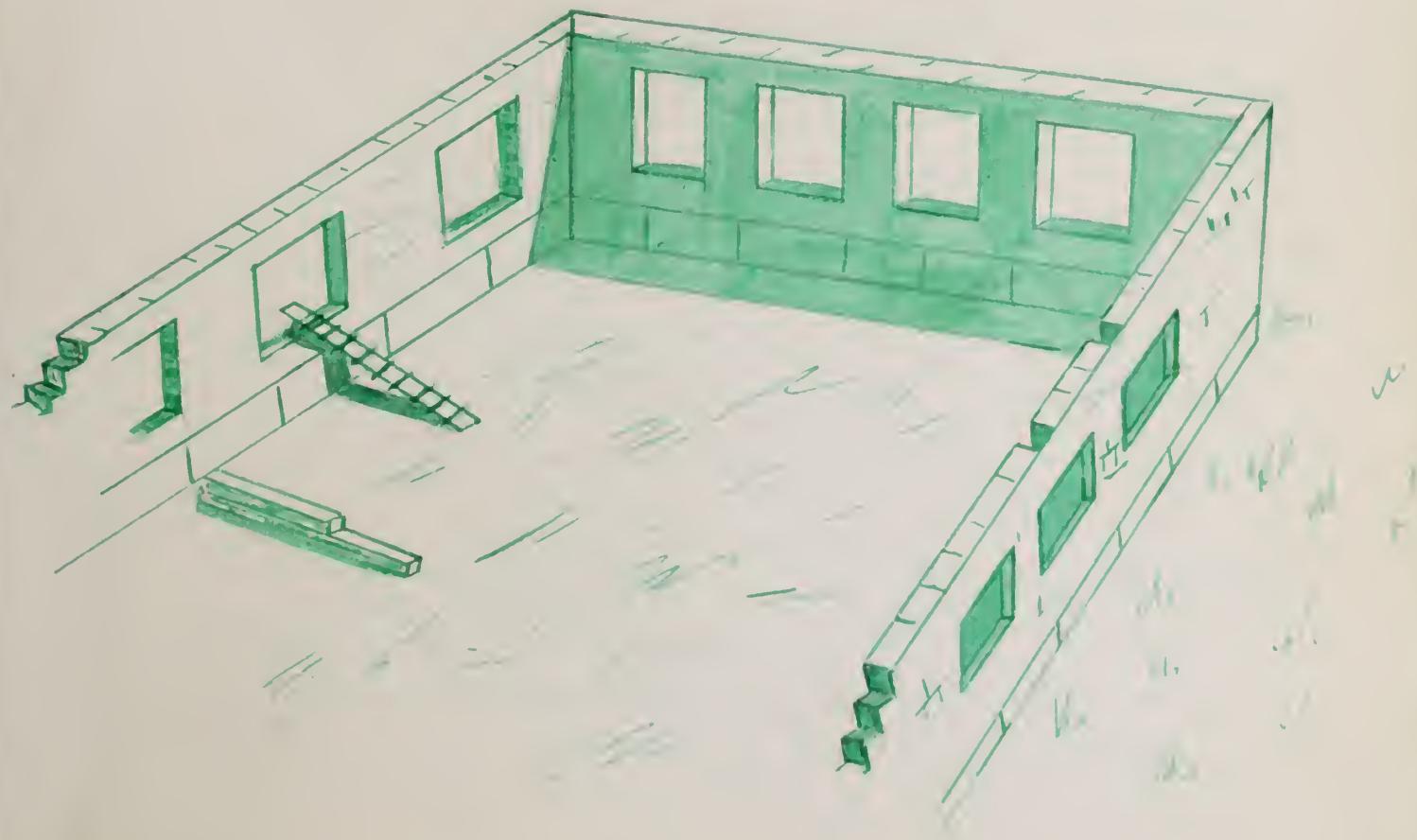
Your old friend,

Tommy



"FOR OTHER FOUNDATION
CAN NO MAN LAY THAN
... JESUS CHRIST"

I CORINTHIANS 3:9





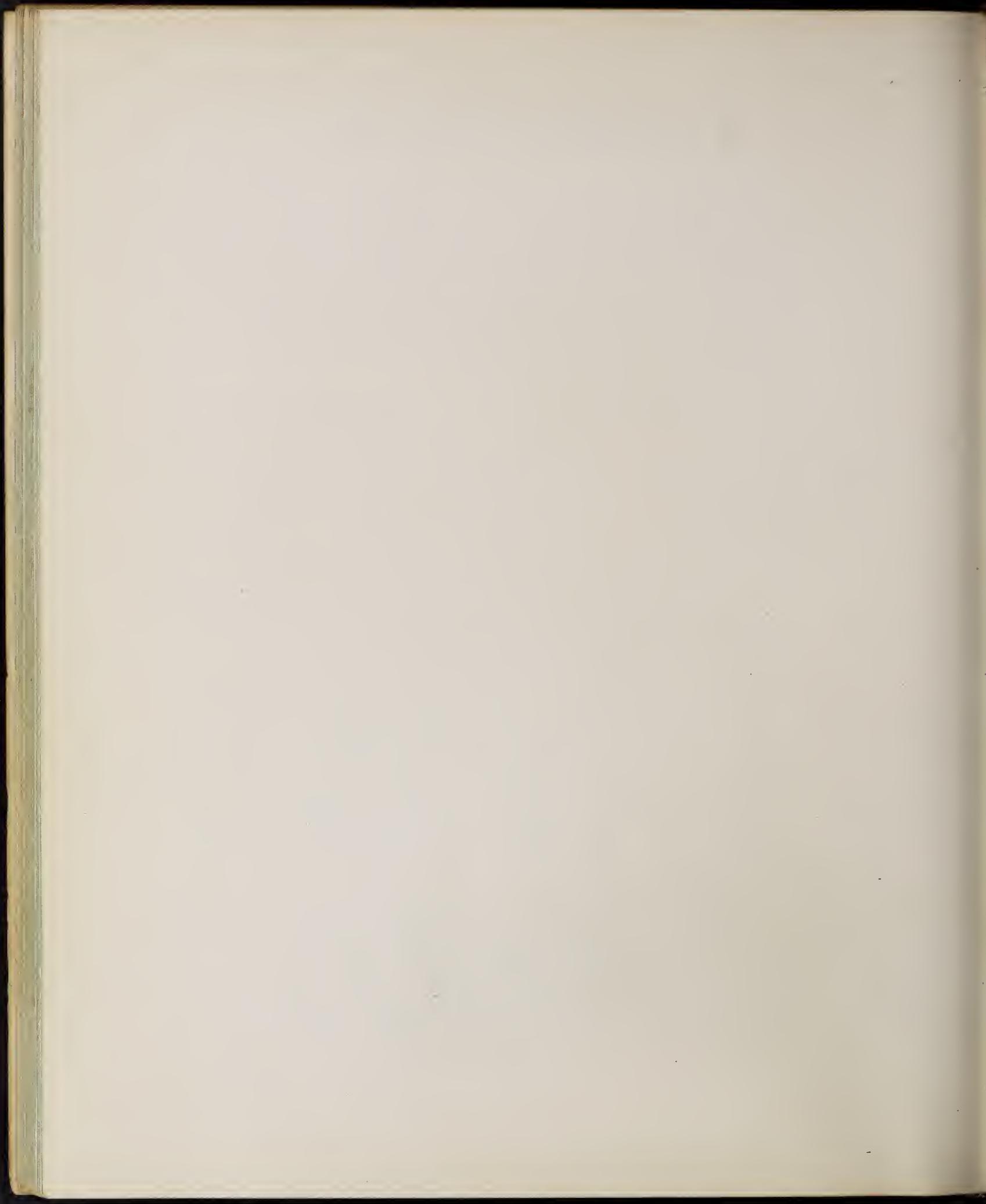
FOLLOWING HIS CALL

A year or so ago we were just like any other typical American teen-agers attending our home-town high schools with no thought or knowledge of a Christian education. But God called us to come to E.N.C. We followed His call, and have received much in the freshman year which could not be acquired elsewhere.

Our freshman year has been very profitable from an intellectual standpoint. During this year we have been provided with a sound educational program that has developed in us habits of constructive, critical thinking, and effectiveness in oral and written communication. Our education has supplied us with a keen understanding of the nature of science and its relation to Christian philosophy. E.N.C. has given us a clear understanding of the hardships and difficulties we must face in the future. On the other hand, she has taught us the joy of obedience.

Campus social life has been an important factor in developing a wholesome and well-integrated Christian personality. Into our lives has been moulded social poise, co-operativeness, and the exercise of consideration and good taste in human relationships. As a freshman class, we have found happy times together, and have made many new and lasting friends.

Also, we have had access to a well-balanced recreational program. Whether on the basketball floor, or on the football field, our well-rounded Christian education has supplied us with a sense of moral and spiritual values that stand out in our Christian sportsmanship.



Above all, this year has been a spiritual benefit. Freshman prayer meetings, prayer preceding classes, chapel, revivals, - all have brought us to a closer relationship with our Saviour. We have received a renewed knowledge and appreciation of the Bible, and a foundation of Christian doctrine, experience, and life. In this atmosphere of Christian culture, an effort has been put forth constantly to lead all who have not been established in Christian faith into the experience of full salvation. Moreover, the development of Christian graces in all students has been encouraged.

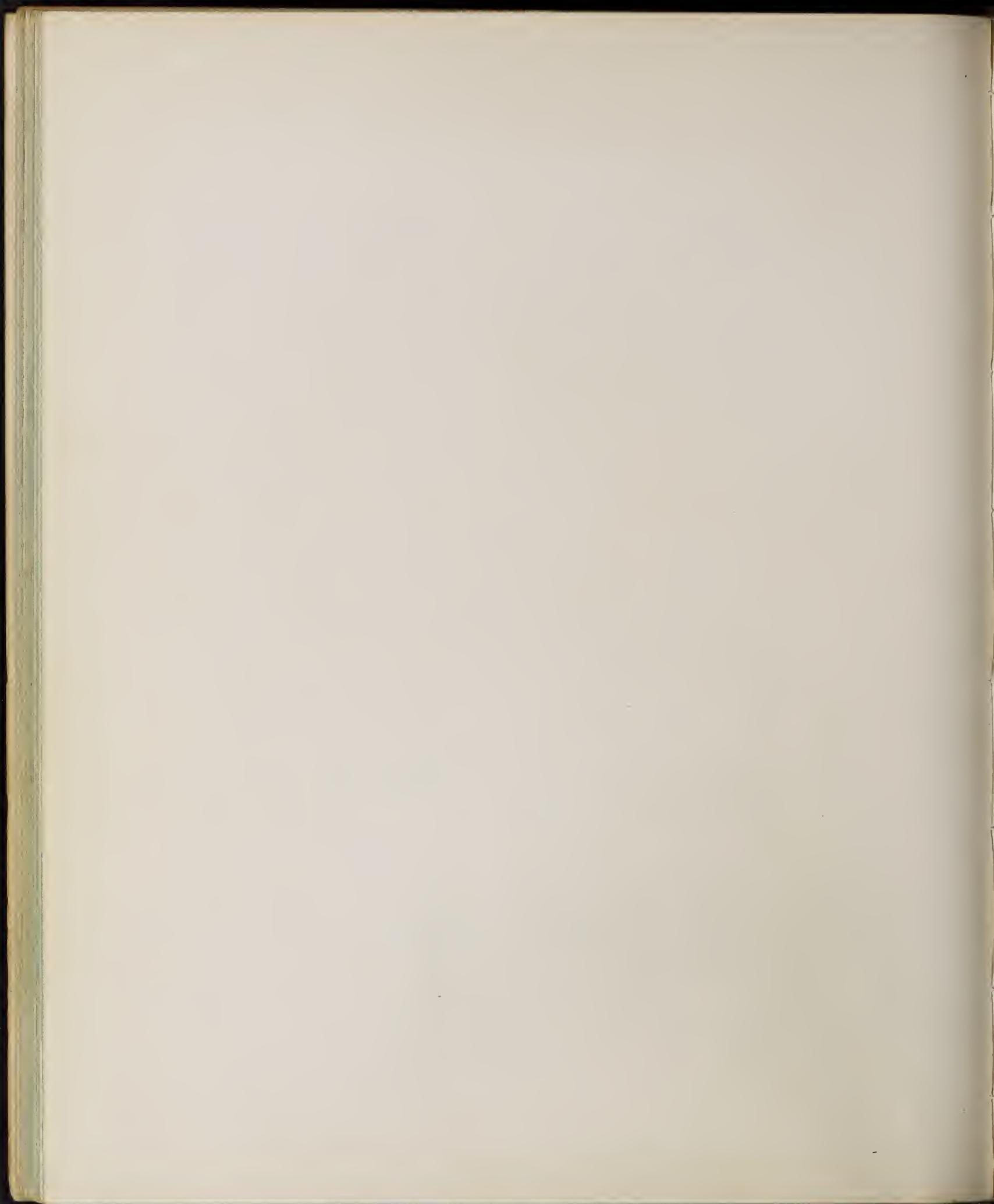
Remember the opening convention, the fall and spring revivals, the spirit-filled prayer-meetings! In these services many of us said the last "yes," and made definite decisions for Christ. Yes, in this freshman year some have received God's call to prepare for full-time Christian service. These memories will live with us forever.

Our freshman year has been one with spiritual, scholastic, and social strengthenings; it is our foundation on which we must build our future vocations and our very lives.

Don Bruce

The Nease Library...gives the masterpieces on the shelves the dignity they deserve.

P. Kercher



TRUE SAFETY

"K

Katherine, open the door! I have dreadful news to tell you!"

It was her husband that spoke. He was home at last from his long journey to the village, where he had gone to buy provisions. The trip could not be made during the long winter months, because of the extreme cold and the penetrating winds that whipped the snow into impassable drifts. But in the early spring the farmers went to buy their annual supply of staple provisions.

Despite her age, Katherine was quick to open the door, having recognized her husband's voice. "The cow is all right because I let her in the barn. But the sheep - have they gotten through the fence again?" His wife's question fell unheeded. A second look at his face told her that it was something far greater than their sheep, or even the farm, that troubled him. "What is it?" she whispered as fear seized her heart.

His expression did not change as he answered, "There is a new political leader in Russia, and he is trying to put down all Christianity. He has already sent bands of secret police out to obtain from everyone a written confession, denouncing his faith in Christ."

"But Conrad, what can they do if we refuse?" she asked.

His answer was terrifying, and he spoke with an earnestness that seemed to engrave the words on her mind. "The village folk have told of several men who said they would not sign the confession, and they haven't been seen nor heard from since the police went to their homes."

"What are we going to do? We can't deny our faith in Christ."

"No, Katherine, we will not. Jesus has been our constant com-



panion for many years, and He will not fail us now."

As if by common consent, they both knelt down to pray. It was just a simple request for Divine protection, a prayer that would be expected of a humble Siberian peasant. But God's power was real to them, and they took Him at His word. They arose to their feet with the sweet assurance of safety that God alone can give in the presence of danger.

The elderly couple went to bed that night, not knowing that the dreaded police would be on their farm the next day. The safety of their lives had been placed in God's hands. And they had fully decided to confess their faith in Christ, whatever the outcome.

The Siberian nights were cold in the early spring, but it seemed extra cold and windy this particular night. Twice Conrad got up to get an extra blanket. Finally they went to sleep in comfort.

"Are you awake?" It was Katherine who broke the silence.

"Yes, I've been awake for some time," her husband replied, "but it was too dark to get up."

As they spoke, the windows began to show up with a dim grey light. It was not a strange sight to these hardy people. They knew at once what had taken place. There had been a snowstorm during the night that entirely covered their one-story farmhouse in a long sweeping drift.

Remembering the events of the night before, Conrad quoted a verse from the Bible. "The horse is prepared against the day of battle: but safety is of the Lord."



UNDER THE SHADOW

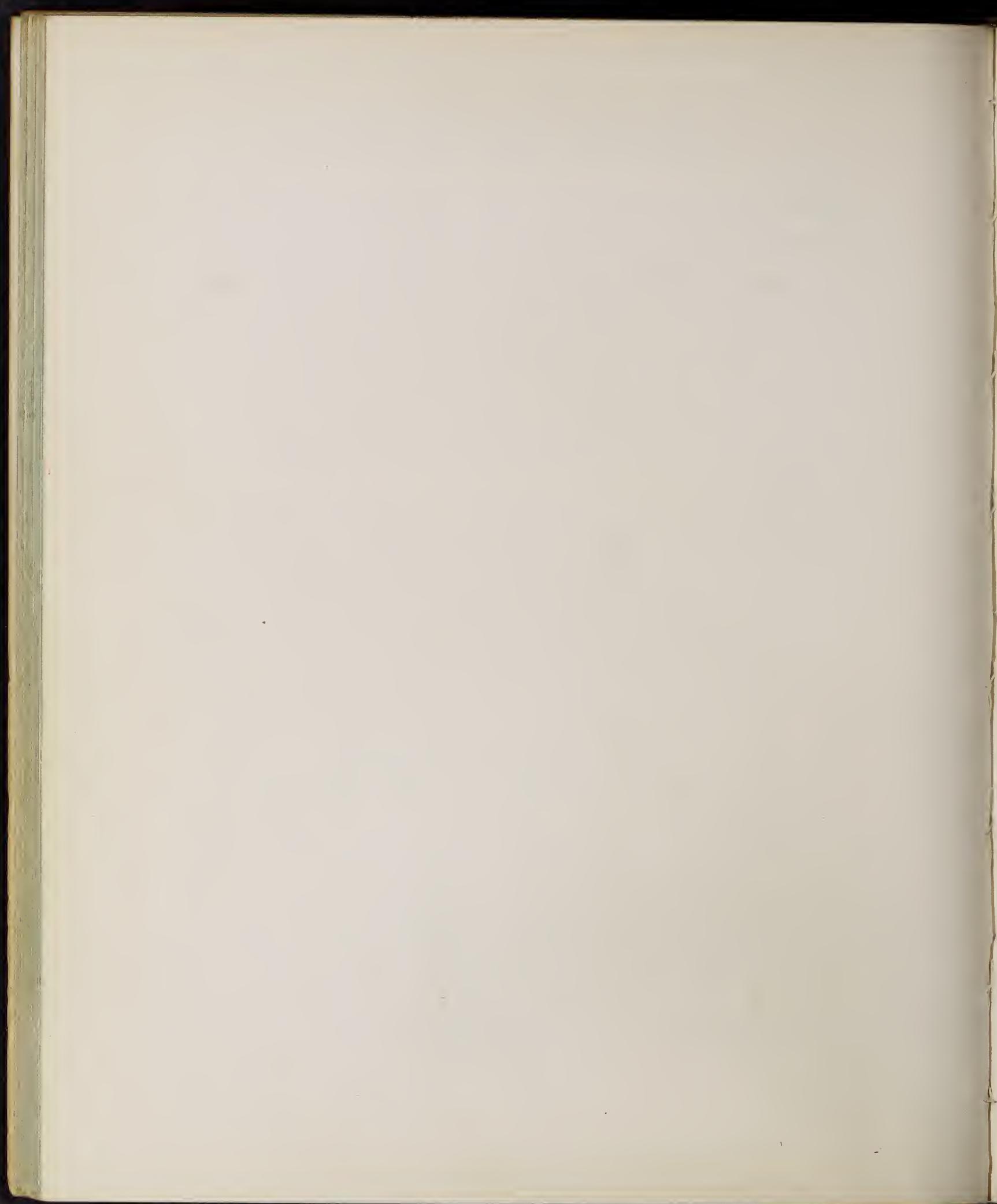
B

eneath the cross of Jesus I fain would take my stand." I once remarked to a friend that even as the children of Israel complained about the diet of manna in the wilderness, so we find students complaining about the wonderful life at Eastern Nazarene College. But although I have sometimes grumbled myself, when I take account of all the blessings that we have experienced here I cannot escape the feeling of humility that comes when a person realizes the awful debt he owes to God. If ever an institution was near to the foot of the cross it is E.N.C.

Each night of the fall revival the altar was lined with seekers. Never have I felt the power of the spirit of God more strongly than I did when Dr. C.I. Armstrong gave the invitations at those meetings. Unlike many evangelistic campaigns it was not possible to single out anyone to whom credit could be given for the wonderful results. One could only say that they came through prayer, much prayer.

The students themselves did the major part of the altar work. It was good to see Christians leading their classmates to Christ under the power of a Master who surely answers prayer. Even during chapel service many went forward.

A great man once said, "Actions speak louder than words." Our students testify not only with their lips but with their daily lives. A forty-eight year old local businessman who came to E.N.C. to further his education remarked, "The outstanding and startling feature is the lack of cosmetics." Religion is not just outward appearance here. Our experience carries over into our conversation, our jokes and our habits.

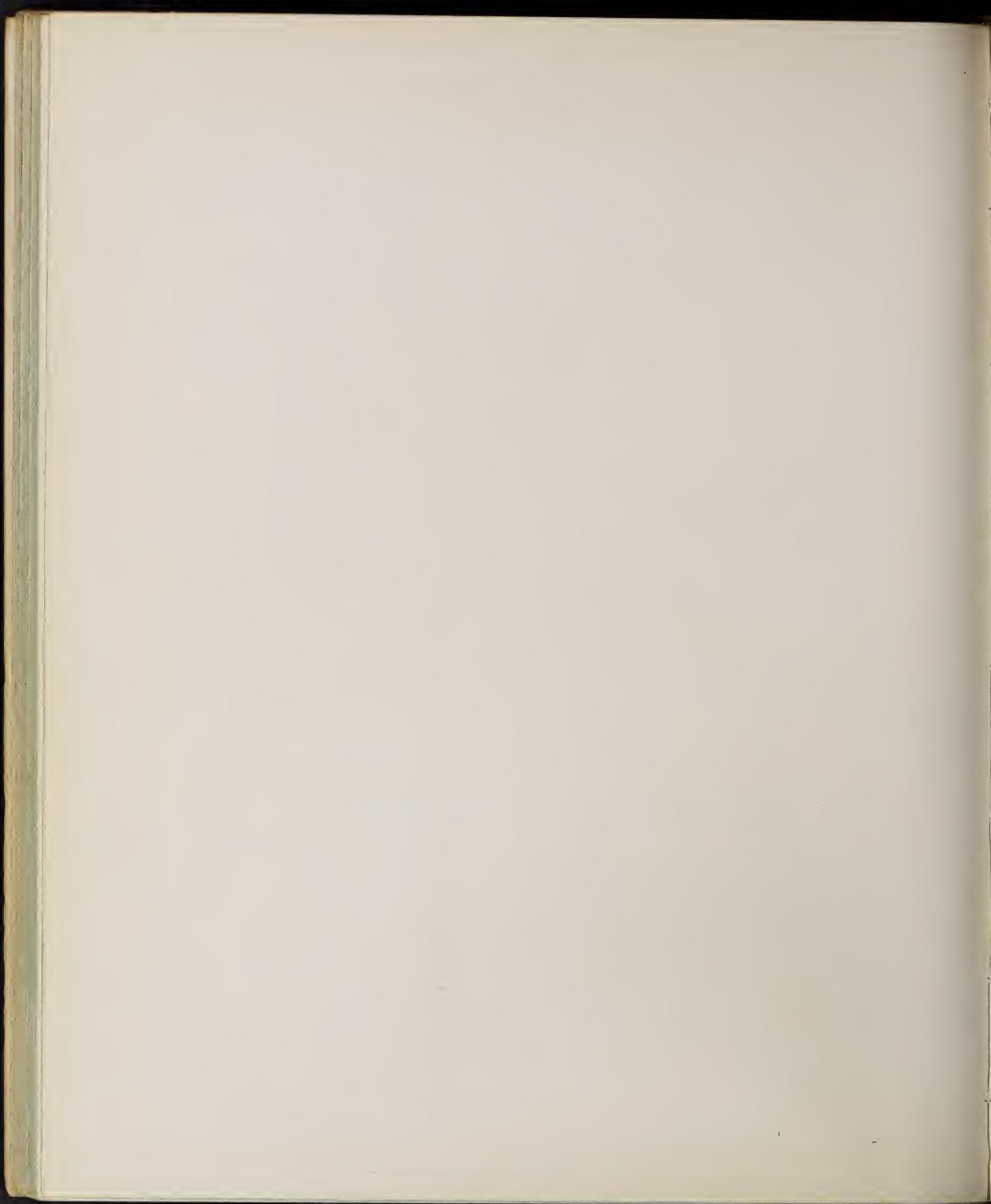


It is not unusual to find students spending much time in prayer and meditation. Often we hear a group of friends praying in the dorm for the spiritual needs of a fellow student.

This warm Christian life extends to the classroom also. It is difficult not to have respect for a professor who asks his pupils to pray for him before the lecture begins. That humble and yet scholarly saint has something to offer, but he feels inadequate to do so without the help of the Great Teacher. "The fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Our teachers combine prayer with good works. We have profs with three university degrees who take it upon themselves to seek out and try to help freshmen, after school, who are not living as close to God as they know they should. No wonder you hear the song "He lives" ringing from the shower room.

Let us use our new library for God and for E.N.C.

A. Barlas



WORKERS FOR CHRIST



One of the most interesting and challenging organizations at E.N.C. is the Evangelistic Association. Anyone who is interested in going to missions in the Boston area finds this work as helpful to himself as it is to those whom he goes to serve. He is given a chance to see how the "other half" of the world lives and is able to offer those not so fortunate a hope for a better life. He becomes more thankful to God that he has heard and received the gospel message or perhaps he would be in the same, miserable, degraded state.

Through the Evangelistic Association one of the fellows from the school was to hold a week of special services at Bethel Temple, a mission on Dover Street in South Boston. A few days before the services started, I went with a group who were going from door to door to hand out invitations to the services.

What a revelation! There were block after block of tenement houses from three to six stories high with hundreds, even thousands of people living in them, many of them in filth and squalor. Black, white, yellow; Italian, Jewish, Russian - every nation and color seemed to be represented in this maze of apartment buildings.

And, oh, what a hunger! No one slammed the door in our faces when we offered them tracts and gave them a personal invitation to the services. No one told us to get out, as they had in the "better" sections of the city. Everyone seemed so very glad that someone was interested in them. They were gracious and kind without exception. Typical was



Mrs. Newsborne who said, "I no know if I can come, but I t'ank you for your kind invitation."

The revival services began. The attendance was small at first, but the presence of God was very real in the services. Toward the end of the week the people began to come in. Among them was Angelo, whom I shall never forget. He had piercing, steel blue eyes, straight black hair, high cheek bones, and a pointed nose and chin. He asked question after question as though he were seeking - seeking for something - but still not quite ready to believe.

Then there was the middle-aged gentleman who came forward and wept his way through to victory. He said, "I was baptized three years ago, but something was wrong. I still wasn't satisfied and I couldn't understand why. Now I know." We came back to school so blessed with the joy of His presence that we were still almost shouting because of the goodness of God.

As a result of this revival and the continuing efforts of a group of faithful students a growing Sunday School is now established in that place. Boys and girls who have grown up on the streets and have never even heard of Jesus are now hearing of His love for them. Yes, the work of the Evangelistic Association pays.

Charlotte Lapti



THE LIGHTS ALONG THE SHORE

S

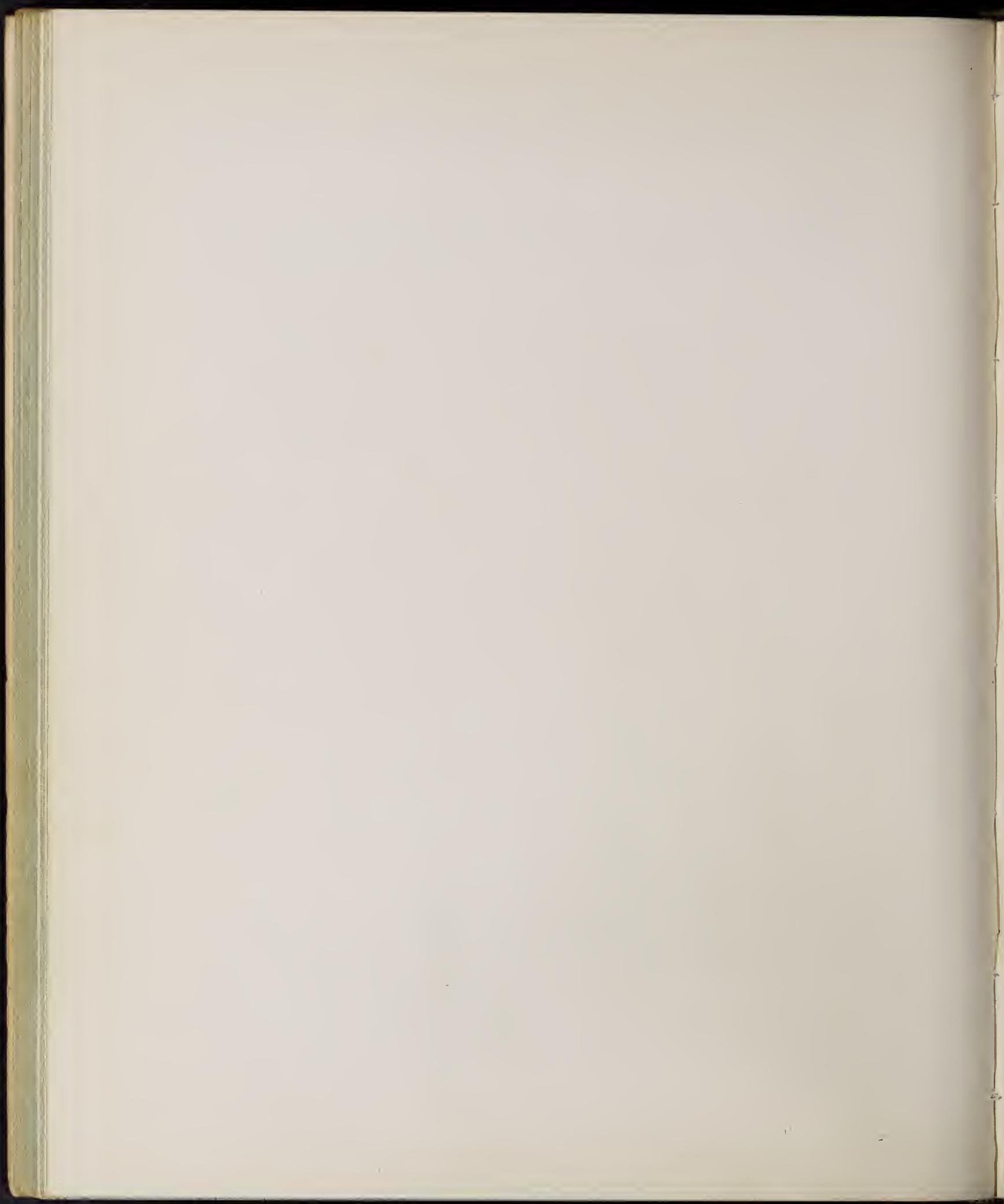
ometimes when I see the lights shining along the shore, I remember the Seattle skyline as our troopship sailed into the harbor from Korea.

Yes, Korea. A place of sorrow to many, joy to few. A place of experiences that hold bad dreams for some, even nightmares for more. Some of us were lucky, some weren't. We were coming home; they were staying behind resting in a grace - perhaps an unknown, unmarked grave. Some may say, "But that's war." Yes, it is war.

We were coming back, but to what? Was home the same as we remembered, or had our dream made it seem brighter? Or maybe the crude life we had been living had detracted from the true splendor of home. What would it be like to sit down at a table of clean linen and steaming food? You would get a better answer if you had asked, "What does the back side of the moon look like?"

I remember how I stood with my hands on the rail, looking at those beautiful lights dotting the shore line. There were white lights and colored lights, some in groups and designs, others isolated and lonely. What did they mean? What was their significance? A nation of power? Pride? Wisdom? Wealth? Yes, I think it may be a portion of each.

The extravagance and waste, useless luxuries, riotous living, greed, selfishness and drunkenness all lay under those lights. Yet, back on the other side of the globe, people were starving and shivering in the cold. They had no light at all except, maybe, a small kerosene lantern which couldn't be burned because there was no oil.



We had anchored in the harbor at midnight and had eaten our breakfast during the night so that we could debark early. Amid the blaring of a brass band we were tied to the dock.

But my mind raced ahead as we were placed in busses and started the long trip through the city. This was home. There were no lights now. The city no longer was sleepy and peaceful. Hustle and bustle, noise and confusion were on every hand. People were everywhere. Crowds stood at street corners waiting to cross. They cheered as we passed.

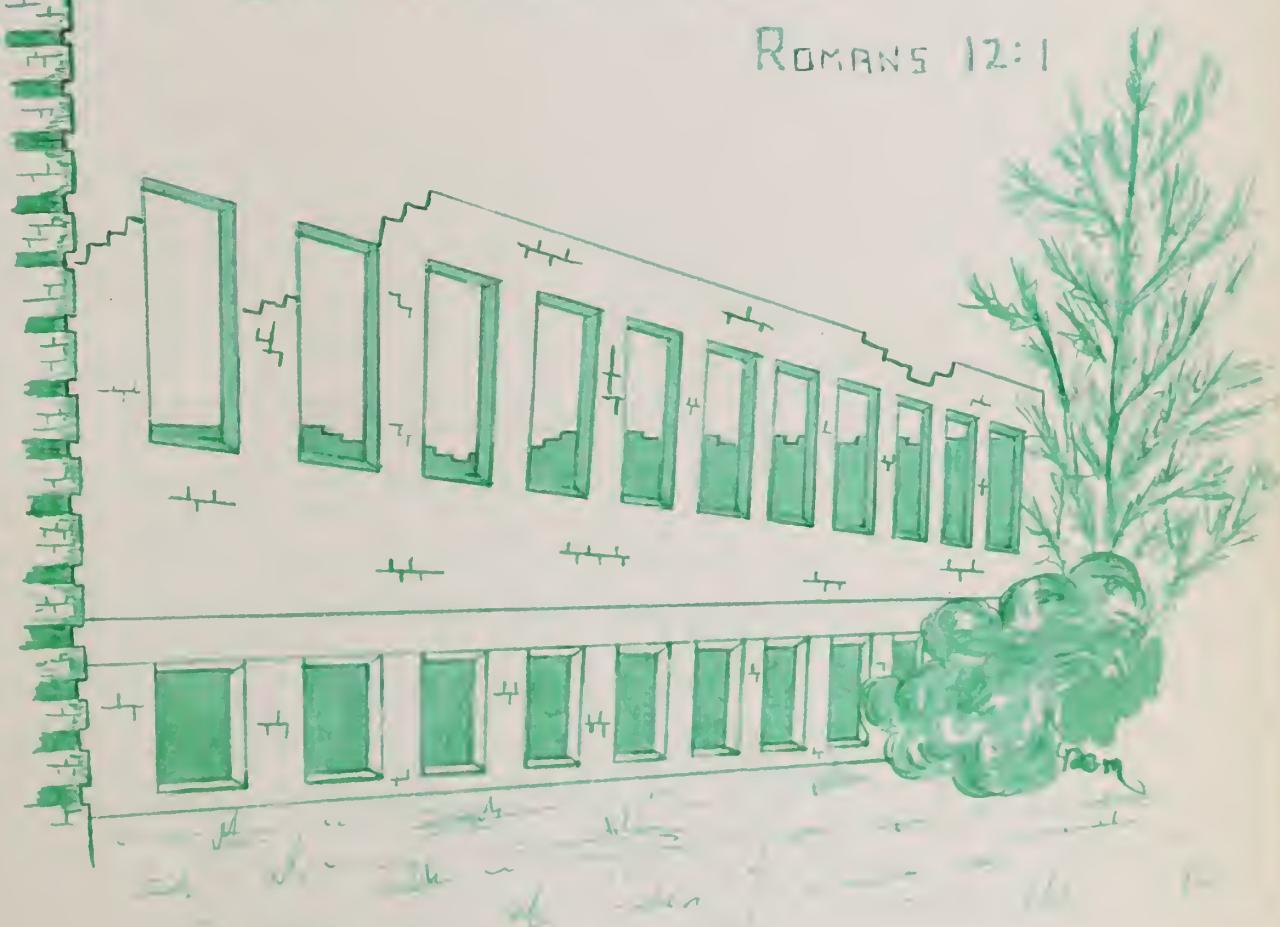
On and on we went, witnessing the magnificence of the massive buildings and the sights that had been forgotten for months. Traffic, noise - but we didn't mind. We were home. We saw more automobiles in a few minutes than we had seen all the time we were gone.

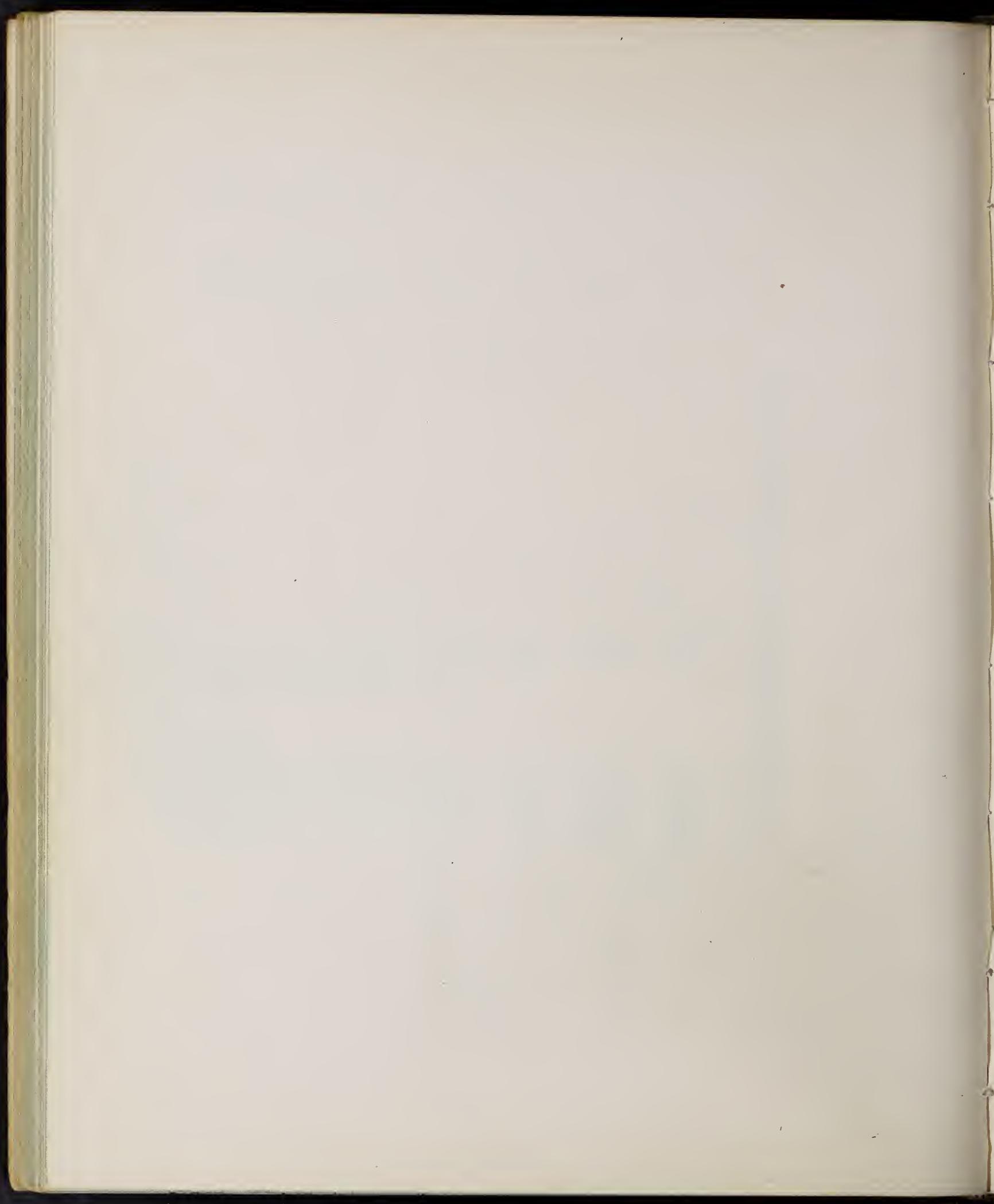
What a contrast! This was the present. We had been living in the past. But had we? No, you can't forget so easily. Neither can you push it from your mind. People in Korea actually live in caves and holes. The more fortunate live in houses of mud and sticks. People walk if they must travel. Produce is carried to market instead of giving it a ride. God has blessed America. My throat choked up; my eyes filled with tears.



"PRESENT YOUR
BODIES A LIVING
SACRIFICE"

ROMANS 12:1





THE DENTED BACKSTOP

As I crouch over the white concrete, the heat fuming up in my face, the sweat trickling into my eyes, I flick up my mitt and throw down two fingers. A white sphere whizzes toward me. I raise my glove a little and the baseball plummets into my mitt with a smack.

I pick the baseball out of my glove and without leaving my squat I rifle the ball back to my brother. "Come on babe! Chuck to me!" The boy on the mound is a tall, gangling kid about thirteen years old. His butch haircut gives him a cocky look. As he stares at me, his eyes show an inward determination. He cups the ball and awaits the signal. I throw down three fingers for a curve. Darrell steps off the concrete onto the grass, digs his spikes into a little hole and starts his wind-up. His right leg is perpendicular to his left leg, and his arm shoots down with a swift, smooth motion. My brother looks like a miniature windmill as he uncorks the pitch. The ball breaks beautifully and hits my mit with a bang. He steps off the rubber like a true pro. Neither Babe Ruth nor Lefty Grove could excel him. His balance and timing are perfect. For a left-hander he has perfect coordination.

My brother and I stop to rest by the green fence in the front yard. Why, just a couple of weeks ago dad made us repaint this fence. We even had to straighten each little wire. We cleaned, painted, and straightened, but now look. The fence has been beaten haplessly into submission. This fence, although originally built to protect



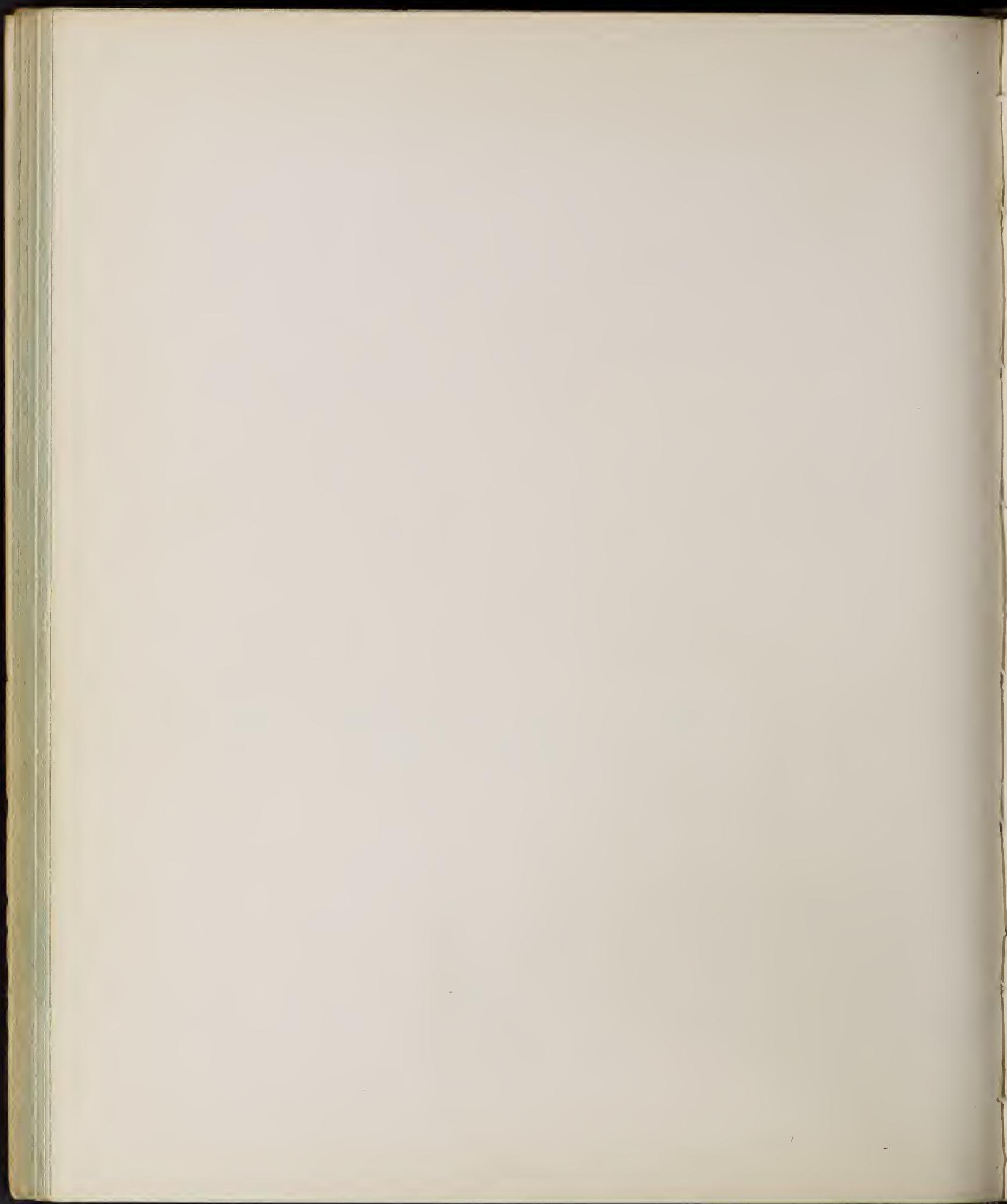
the grass is the best backstop that was ever made.

As I sit at my desk, I can see that battered fence. The paint is chipped and the wire is crooked. As I gaze at the tattered wire, it recalls the past. Each dent reminds me of a curve I missed. Each broken strand is a slider I dropped. By reading this old green fence I relive every forgotten dream. In this beaten fence are the memories which I hold dear--my brother, a ball and a mitt.

S. L. Parker

The Nease Library is the result of years of growth. It was not made when the builders made the building. It was made gradually, but solidly, by years of progress.

P. Parker



ODDITIES IN ODD JOBS

My type of work is most familiarly known on campus as an "odd job", and that is exactly what it is. In the past few months I have faced odd people and odd places on many odd occasions. Most of the folk I am associated with can be classified into three catagories: The Irritated Grouch, The Quiet, Calm Person, and The Over-friendly Type.

The irritated grouch usually makes herself known when the door first opens. She looks at you down her nose, until you feel shorter than she is, even though she is only four foot four. She commands you to your work even before you can get through the doorway and take your coat off. She rattles off a dozen jobs with ten particulars and details attached to each, and ends her oratory with, "You can remember that, now, can't you?" One woman in particular waits until I have only fifteen minutes left and then wants her kitchen floor washed, waxed, and buffed. "Take your time," she says. "You can make it." Well, I usually make it, but not as she suggested.

The quiet, calm type of person usually doesn't show much feeling or expression about anything. She is nice when I go and friendly when I leave, but not much except business is discussed when I'm working. Before I arrive, I know what the schedule is, so I just follow my set routine, except for a few tips and repetitions on what I should also add for that day.

The over-friendly person, whom I meet not too often, likes to talk a lot while I'm working. She is generally ideal in all



respects. If it should happen to be slightly drizzling, she makes a fuss over the fact that I came out in spite of the terrible rain. She always tells me to take my time, although I seldom do, for I get more satisfaction from a speedy job, well done. No matter what kind of work I do, it always looks fine to her.

In general, I do almost every odd type of housework from cleaning the floor with denatured alcohol to defrosting the ice box. One woman always likes me to sweep her kitchen floor with a little hand broom and dust pan. Quite often I find myself walking out the door with the living room rug to sweep it with a broom. The most gruesome experience I ever had was cutting a garter snake in half when I was mowing the lawn. The head and a small part of the body went crawling off while the remainder lay writhing in the grass.

I like my work very much. I am learning how to get along with all sorts of people. I get an insight into other people's lives, how they think and act. Their telephone conversations, how they answer the doorbell, and how they treat their husband or wife, when I'm not thought to be around, are all sometimes very revealing. In several homes where I go, the conversation is so very "Dearie" and "Sweetie" that it sounds most unnatural and makes the couple look silly to me, especially when they're off guard and begin to talk naturally. Quite often I get compliments on my work. One which I greatly cherish is: "You'll make a fine wife for some girl, sometime."

Ronald Thompson



YOUTH AND THE ART OF LIVING

I

I have come to the conclusion that to be young is to be impatient. Youth wants so many of the great things in life and wants them not at some distant time in the future but now, immediately. We look at those older than ourselves and see in them all the qualities and abilities we want to possess. We become easily discouraged when those abilities and qualities seem beyond our reach. The trouble is that we can only see these fine qualities in their present state of entirety. We cannot see the gradual metamorphosis which took place before those admirable traits were an integral part of the character we admire.

We read the works of the greatest writers and lose ourselves in the beautiful, powerful ways these writers have expressed the most intimate ideas of their souls. We cannot see the years of study, of learning the mechanics of composition, of personal enriching which were the basis of their ability.

We listen to a talented pianist play with technical perfection and expressive interpretation. We thrill to the pure melody, the way in which the emotions of the composer become our emotions. We do not see the days of monotonous practice, of scales and exercises which the pianist had to master.

We see a saint whose prayers seem to open the very doors of heaven, whose whole life radiates holiness. We cannot see the hours spent in communion with God and the fiery trials overcome only with



His grace which produced such contact with the Lord.

We are careless about rhetoric themes, our music practice, and sometimes even neglect our daily devotions, but not because we are lazy. Only look at us scrubbing floors, waiting on tables, and loading trucks, and see that we can do hard work. No, we leave some things undone because we cannot see the relationship between these little things and the great intangibles we yearn for and dream about.

No one can teach us to be patient. The best teachers can only tell us that some day we ourselves will learn to be patient. We listen to their counsel and accept the truth of their words with our heads while our hearts can only dimly comprehend the implications of what we hear. But we can only truly learn by living. Little by little our blind eyes will be made to see. God grant that each of us may have a long range view of life and a deep abiding faith in the Giver of Life which will keep us steady through these important years of transition and growth.

Barbara Benning



A COAL STRIPPED LAND



Deserted land, which was once the lifeline of a family, is now like the sands of a desert. As you look at the artificial mountains of yellow dirt, you notice its scrawny plant life and the dirty, milky colored streams of water between the hills.

As the monstrous machines rumble over the land, tiny animals are awakened to the fact that their homes will soon be ruined and heaped in the rubble of the artificial mountains or washed into the huge sluices of poisonous streams. The carefully made nests of robins and bluebirds are hewn into space as the big bully engine storms its way into the hardest part of a tree and knocks it flat. As soon as some of the trees have been knocked down the big shovel takes its place and proceeds to eat up the rich farming soil. Sometimes the cavernous jaws of the shovel sink their teeth into the earth nearly a hundred feet before the black gold is seen. After all the earth has been rooted out, as little as one foot of coal may be found. Tracts of land which have been torn up by the cavernous jaws of this machine are like mounds of sand whipped and strewn into a lifeless mass.

The destruction of land, scenery, and plant and animal life is way out of proportion to the few cents the owner may get from the sale of the coal. But when the land owner finds this black gold he cares nothing about spoiling the scenery, and ruining the forest. When he has become tired of his surroundings he can move. He's rich now and the future generation can look at this scenery.

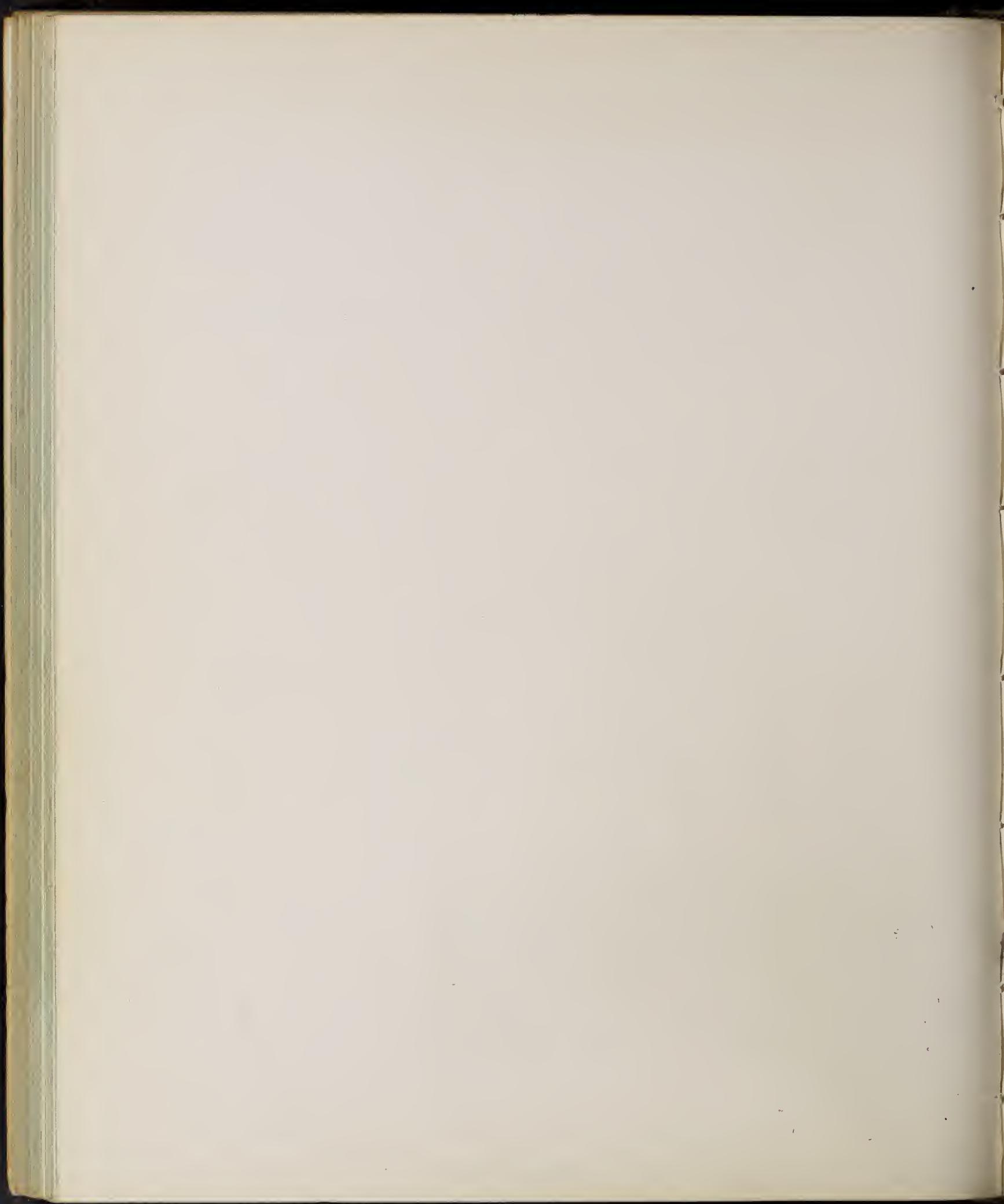


Now that the big shovel has rooted out the last clump of coal,
the machine continues to steal its way over other vast regions of farm
land. This monster does not stop. It works hour after hour and day
after day, ruining our beautiful country.

The big boom of little business goes on while the contented land
owner dreams of his black gold.

One of the most valuable assets of the new library is the feeling
of co-operation.

H. Sumner



DINNER RUSH

Hurry up, Luine. We'll be late if you don't stop primping. It's almost five, and you know we have to be down at five sharp. One more minute and I'm going. So you're finally ready. Yes, your apron is on straight and your hair looks okay."

Two steps at a time. Some day one of us will fall flat on her face. But work comes first and we can't be late. Only three more flights of stairs and we'll be there. Made it. Punch in quickly. Five sharp. We're here but I don't know how we managed.

Now, silverware. Oh, all the good forks are gone. We should have come down earlier like Luine said. Do you have twelve plates and saucers? Gosh, I broke two saucers. Fifty-six cents gone out of my pay.

Straighten the tablecloths. Set the table. Get the glasses and fill them. Rest for about five minutes. Up again. Get the bread, butter, and gravy. About three more minutes of relaxation. Now set up the trays. We're ready. Mrs. Williamson finishes saying grace and the waitresses are off!

Someone bumps you on the left. Carrots run down the front of your uniform. Get the coffee and tea orders. Back to the kitchen. What did Irene order? Tea with cream or coffee without cream? Or was it coffee with cream? Guess I'll take coffee with cream. Sounds better that way.

Back to the tables with the coffee and tea. This time it's coffee that runs down your uniform. Coffee dries and leaves a slight stain.



That coffee is really hot.

Made it without too many accidents. Someone has cluttered the tray stand with dirty dishes. Where will I put this tray down? If I put it on the stand, a plate might fall. I'll have to put it down anyway. The meat platter falls and breaks. Now everyone's looking at me.

"We want more bread." Can't they wait one minute until I give them their coffee? They don't even say please. A "please" or "thank you" really helps.

After about eight more trips back to the kitchen, I can remove their plates. They're ready for their dessert. Boston cream pie. Everyone's smiling. I suppose pie tastes better than dates or figs.

Nancy has a new beau. She's sending her dessert to John. Will he be surprised! I'll take this extra dessert to Fred. He'll think Shirley sent it. Hope my sending it won't complicate matters.

Announcements. All's quiet. Mrs. Williamson finishes reading the slips and rings her little silver bell. Chairs scrape and everyone's up and filing out.

I clear the table, carry back the tray of dirty dishes, and punch out. Hope I'll make it to prayer meeting. I eat and run. Prayer meeting has already started. I slip in and sit in the back of the Canterbury. Now I can relax and really breathe freely.

[Handwritten signature]



OPERATION, MINE

T

The "boney" dump stands out as a huge black Y on the barren hillside, giving off fumes like a gigantic bottle of sulfuric acid. Men, looking like ants, scurry back and forth across the crest of the dump. Now and then a "pint-sized" trolley rolls up to a small building to get its load of dirt, slate, and some coal mixed with sulfur. Over on the left side a man is picking over the refuse dump, filling some sacks with the good coal.

A large pipe-like structure spans the sulfur-loaded creek in the valley. It reaches from the back of the building to the cleaning plant on the other hillside. From atop the cleaning plant six stacks are belching dirty black smoke. The smoke hangs like a cloud. The sun is unable to penetrate its six tentacles as they proceed up the valley. Another stack, taller than the other six, is a torch bearer, shooting sparks and flames skyward. The plant is massive, not massive like a beautiful Roman building, but like a gigantic box with two adjacent swimming pools, containing dirty water used to wash the coal.

On each side of the creek a railroad track extends over the entire length of the valley, around the bend, and out of sight. Above the roar of the cleaning plant, a huge "six-wheeler," shrieking like a wounded redskin, heads toward the cleaning plant. A dirty trail of smoke follows in its wake. It jerks to a halt near the plant. The brakeman bounces to the ground, and throws the switch for the side-track. The "empties" are shoved into the side-track and the locomotive puffs out with its load of "black-gold."

A low rumble. Over on the left side of the creek a motor with a



string of cars in tow comes barreling out of the drift-mouth. Now it roars down the grade toward the cleaning plant. The motorman throws on the brakes, unhooks the motor from the loaded cars, shoves them into a little building and empties them. Soon the cars catapult toward the opening of the mine for another reloading.

On up the hillside there is nothing but barren land with skeleton trees waving their lifeless branches grotesquely at the sun-bleached rocks. Life has been burned from that hillside. Sulfur-fumes and fires from the sparks of the coal cleaning plant have killed vegetation. The rows of dirty houses line the crest of the hill. This bleak, barren landscape veiled in smoke is the portrait of a huge mine operation.

Dallas Mucci

...I am hushed and awed with its beauty and quietness.

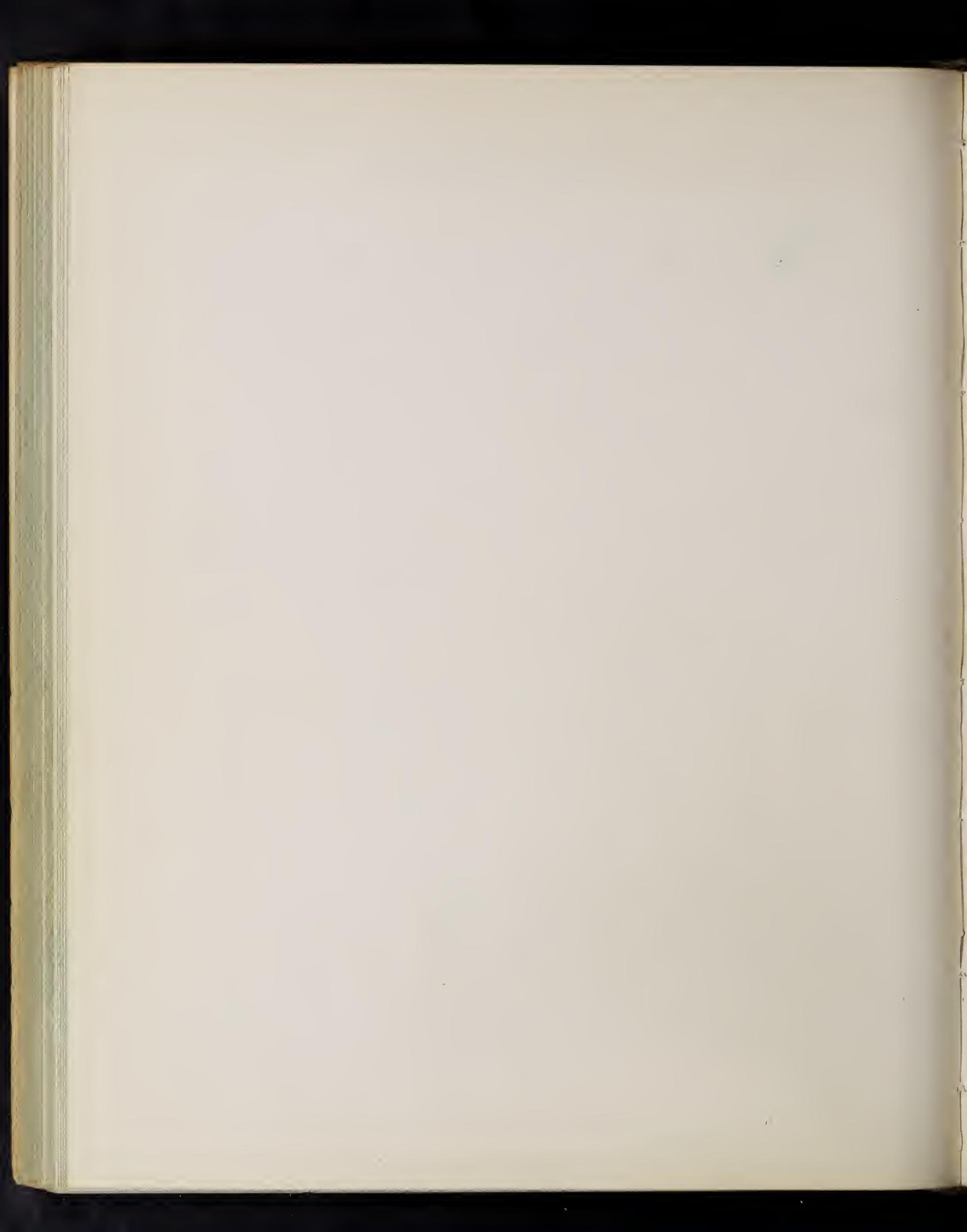
D. Clingerman



FORT WORTH

No matter from which direction one enters Fort Worth he will soon see some kind of sign which says, "Fort Worth - Where the West Begins." Fort Worth tries hard to be completely Western despite the large number of Northerners and Easterners who have moved in recently. Fort Worth dresses Western with blue jeans and plaid shirts. Fort Worth talks Western with the famous drawl. Fort Worth has the famous Texas conceit which makes the city unbearable at times for outsiders - Yankees especially. The streets are wide; the older buildings are low; the land is flat; the radio stations broadcast little but cowboy music. The Northerners, who for the most part came during the war, have made dents. Two department stores sell Eastern clothing; one radio station has refused to broadcast cowboy music; and wonder of wonders, the city voted Republican in the last election.

Fort Worth is not famous for its climate and scenery, features which have made other Western cities. The temperature in summer averages close to 100° and in the winter between 40° and 50° . The city gets about one fair snowfall a year. It doesn't rain much in Fort Worth, but when it rains, it pours. Almost as much rain falls in the city as falls in New Jersey, for example, but it concentrates in the spring and fall leaving the summer dry. Fort Worth has virtually two summers, one very hot season, and one spring - fall combined. The country around Fort Worth is flat and uninteresting. The few trees are concentrated near the narrow, shallow "rivers" which have water in them only half the year. In summer the river which flooded the city so disastrously in 1949 is only 20 feet wide. Most of the trees inside the city were



planted and cared for by hand. One can tell the age of a residential section by the size of the trees.

The most striking feature of Fort Worth is its prosperity. Office buildings and hotels are being built all over; whole residential areas are opened each year; industry is moving in and booming. Fort Worth is expanding. Today over 300,000 people live in the city. It has sprawled all over like a giant octopus with narrow corridors of city owned land extending many miles and suddenly bulging out when it reaches a group of houses which used to be a country town. The largest industries are oil, cattle, and airplanes. Although few oil wells are to be found near the city, oil has made many Fort Worthians rich and has given jobs to many more. In north Fort Worth anyone can smell another major industry, cattle. Great stockyards and meat packers are found there. The famed B-36, the world's largest bomber is built at Consolidated Aircraft. A man who has had much to do with this prosperity is "The King of Fort Worth," Amon Carter, who owns the major newspaper, radio and T.V. stations, part of Consolidated and part of the stockyards.

Fort Worth is no longer a town where cowboys can come in from the ranch and whoop it up every week-end, but it still is not a city that can produce staid New Englanders.

Ronning Park



A WELCOME

5

September 5, 1944 - a sizzling day!

As we drove into the unfamiliar city we could see the waves of heat rising from the pavement, waves of heat which at first looked like pools of fresh, cool water.

We stopped at a gas station, bought some "cokes" and began to survey the scene before us. There was something strange, something almost unreal about this modern western city. The mountains on either side were varying shades of purple with a few patches of olive green sagebrush and the inevitable cactus. The cloudless sky was almost as blue as indigo and there was not the slightest movement in the air.

"You folks sure come at a bad time. Ain't had so hot a summer fer almost twenty years. Must be 115° , yep, at least that. See those folks over there? Tourists! Can always tell 'em. Nobody else comes out this time of day. Say, where you headed?"

"We've come to Phoenix to live. We have a citrus grove on Thomas Road near Scottsdale."

"Nice section out that way. Lots o' luck, folks."

Fifteen minutes later we parked the car in front of an imposing Spanish home. Tall, stately date palms stood like soldiers on the carpet-like lawn. My father walked to the door, knocked, and waited. Soon a face appeared at the iron-latticed peep hole. Then the door opened!

"Well, well, Kurt! Come in. Come in. Say, is that your family in the car? I want to meet them. Howdy, I'm Mike Murphy. Welcome to my home."

Mike Murphy was one of the richest men in Phoenix. He had made his money back east in real estate and had come to Arizona to retire.



That six foot two Irishman had a heart big enough to take in most of the United States.

After supper we left Mike's house and drove to the Alamo Plaza, a tourist court. The stars slowly began to appear. How close they were, how like glittering gems! We could feel a faint cool breeze. Over in the city people were turning their lights on but somehow it didn't look New York City-ish. Serenity, I guess you'd call it.

We continued to gaze, awe stricken. Darkness enveloped us. Then suddenly we knew. It wasn't Phoenix who was the stranger. We were the strangers! At that instant we could almost hear the city speak.

"Howdy, folks, so glad you came. This is good country. You'll like it."

"Thanks, Phoenix, we know we will."

Dodge Punkin-

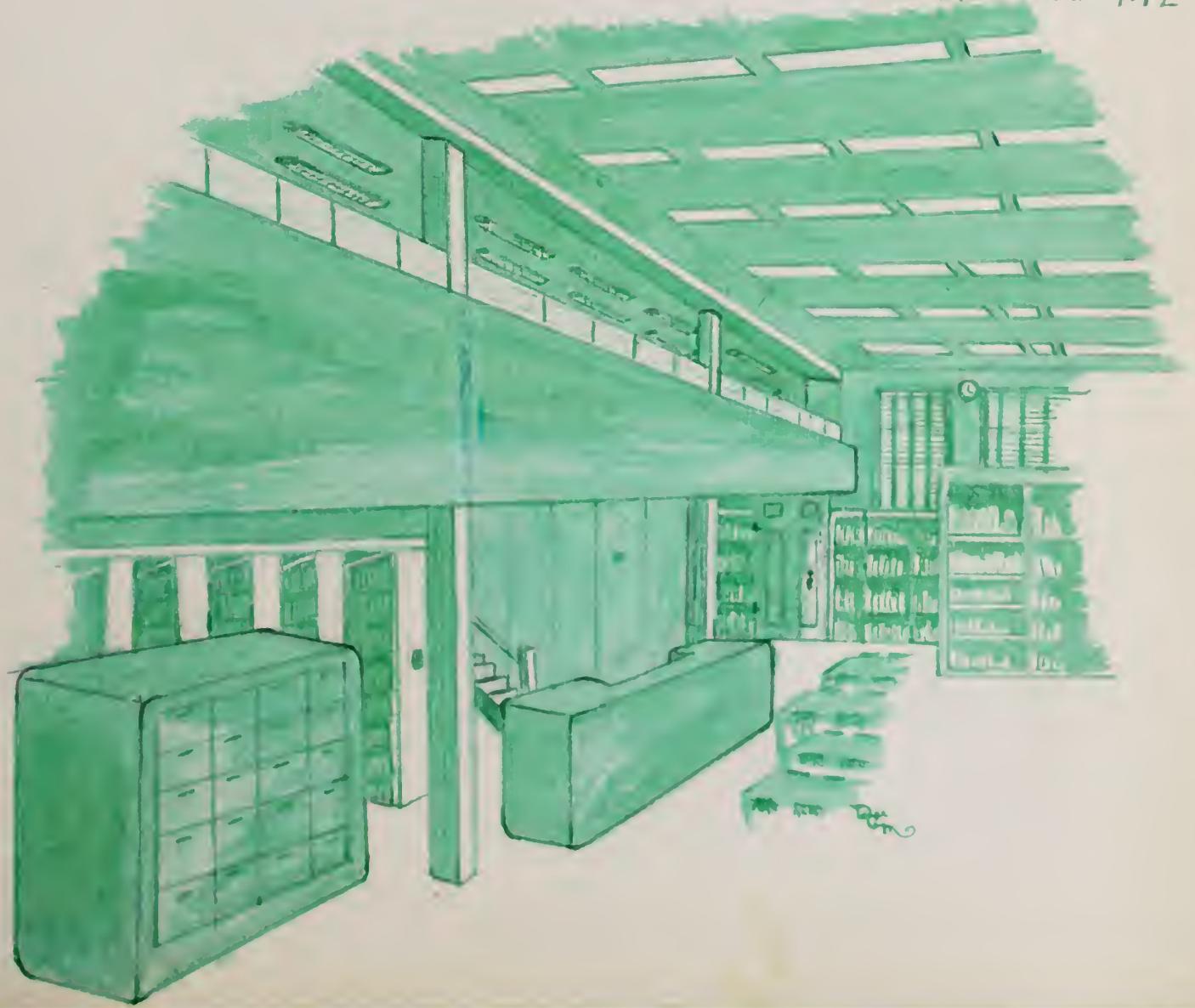
Our new college library is the pride of our campus. Existing so long as a dream, it is now a glowing and magnificent reality.

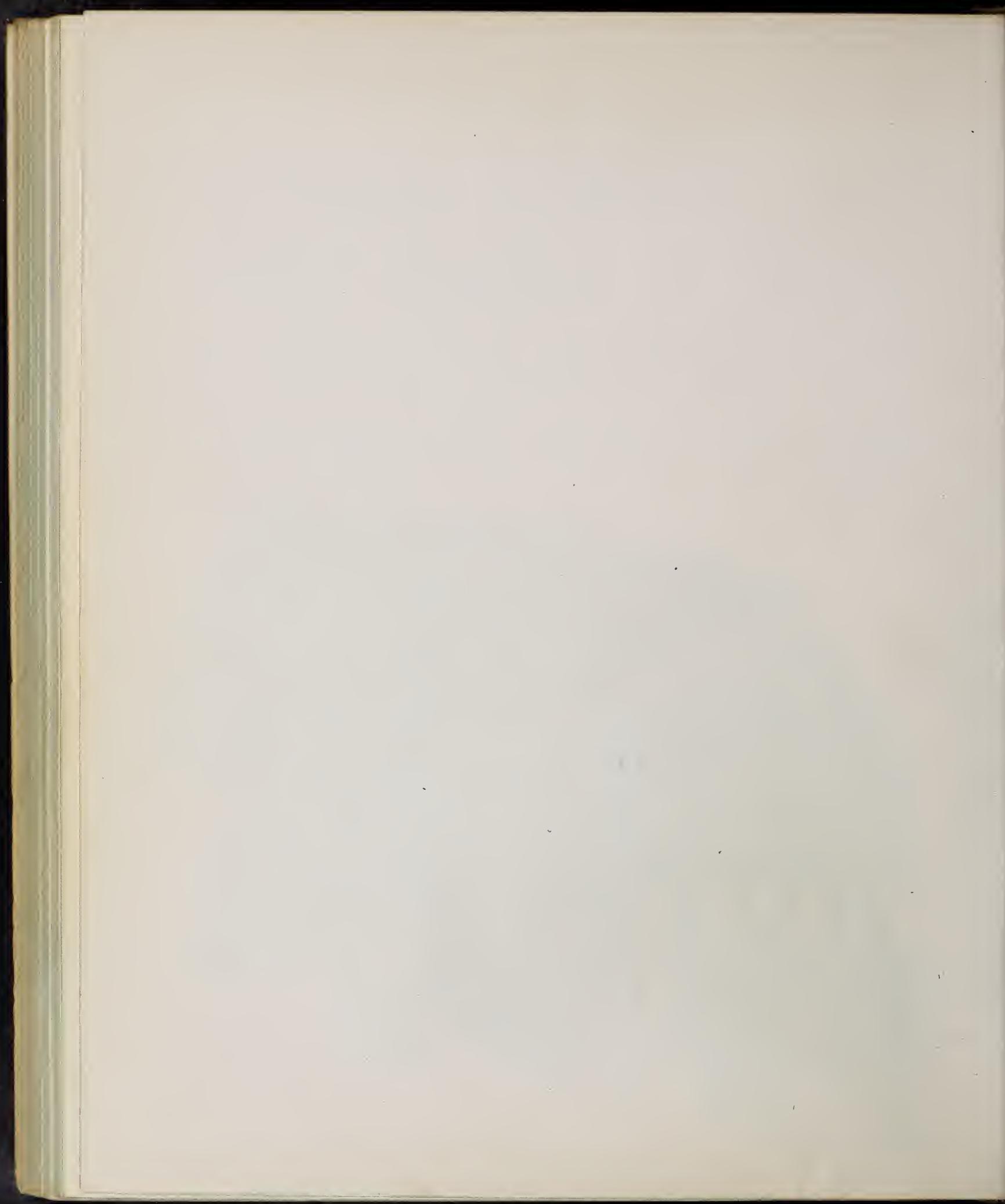
L. Ezold



"ALL THINGS WHATSOEVER YE WOULD THAT MEN SHOULD DO TO YOU DO YE EVEN SO TO THEM"

MATTHEW 7:12





THE ENC DINING HALL



One of the big classrooms at E.N.C. is the dining hall. The teachers and subjects are many. Discussions include dates, theology, television, adventures, jobs, professors, and chapel speakers.

The approaches to these discussions are many and varied. Take theology, for instance. Someone at the table, just for the sake of arguing, takes a point of view he doesn't even believe himself. Or sometimes we discuss a deep theological problem still unsolved by even D.D.'s and Ph.D.'s. If your roommates asks you what you talked about at the table, you can truthfully say, "I don't know."

Then there's the fellow who wants to discuss politics, but after an hour of conversing we wonder whether he's trying to prove he's a Democrat or a Republican.

Unfortunately, everyone has problems. However, no one has as many problems as "Blue-Monday Harry." What he's craving is sympathy, but what he gets is silent resignation.

Perhaps the fellow most disliked is the one with the corny jokes. Those jokes that have been in existence for centuries. Of course, there's a cure for this malady. Every time he starts to tell a joke, louse it up by telling the punch line. After a while he quits trying--we hope. But these people aren't too numerous.

There are silent tables, but more usually in the morning. When we look over, we notice other sleepy eyes looking back unseeingly. It is usually some time before we realize what is going on around



us unless we see someone stimulating who makes our pulse beat faster.

Then we're awakened faster than if we had had a cold shower.

A tradition at E.N.C. is to send your dessert to someone you like especially well. Sometimes, though, when ten desserts are sent to one person we wonder if Cupid isn't working overtime. Once there was a fellow who ate nine dishes of plums. He ate about four dishes of plums from our table and when other people around noticed it, they sent him some, too.

One night four of us girls were late to dinner and so we sat at a table in the alcove. One of the waitresses asked for the food that was left over and took it to a table around the corner. The waitress came back with a note which asked for our names, which we gave as Dora Daydream, Hopeful Tillie, Anxious Alice, and Longing Laura. A note came back with their names--Waiting Wes, Lovely Lewis, Bashful Burt, Remorseful Morse, and Tearful Tony with the postscript. "We're still hungry."

Yes, we learn quite a lot in the E.N.C. dining hall--things we could never learn in books or regular classrooms. Perhaps there is no other place where we get a mixture of psychology, literature, geography, theology, philosophy, and current events as in the E.N.C. dining hall.

-enjoyable



IT'S NOT WHAT IT'S CRACKED UP TO BE

W

ell, guess you'll go baby-sitting again. What a job it is, for you get paid for studying in peace and quiet. Why, there's no better way to earn money. It's really a soft job.

You go to a house and the children are all in bed. The parents are ready to leave for their big night and you're going to be left alone for three or four hours. That's wonderful, to get your homework all done and get paid while doing it. Sure, that's what you'll do, you'll go baby-sitting. Why didn't you think of that before? You haven't baby-sat for a long time now.

It's five minutes to eight and you're ready for your first baby-sitting job at the Bloomsburgs.

If you go with books in hand and many wonderful intentions of getting much done. You don't know the Bloomsburgs and you're a bit uneasy? Well, don't worry, they'll soon be gone. You approach the house, walk up onto the porch, stop for a second or two until you've mustered up enough courage, and then knock. From the inside of the house you hear someone yell, "Open the door for the girl, Vickie." The door opens. To your utter amazement and dismay, there sits the mother sewing buttons on a dress and her three children running around the front room. The television is blaring and the children are in a hilarious state of mind. After coming to your senses, you climb in. Yes, climb in. The floor is covered with newspapers, toy hand-cuffs, scissors, comic books, a doll-buggy in the middle of the floor, and two filthy and wrinkled sheets are in a heap in a corner.



Everything imaginable has been thrown on chairs, tables, shelves, benches, and well, just every place. The lady looks up at you shortly after you have arrived and says, "I'm getting a bit of a late start." She certainly is.

At nine o'clock the lady leaves and five minutes later her husband comes home. At ten thirty the children go up to bed and the man decides to go out. What a relief! Now, at last, you can do your homework. The television reminds you that you were listening to a very exciting mystery and you just have to see how it ends. At eleven-thirty you take your books in hand, sit in a chair, get your pen out, and decide that the room is too cold, you're too hungry, and too tired to study. However during that time you get half your rhetoric theme written. Quite an accomplishment for four and one half hours. At twenty-five after twelve, you sit in a chair anxiously waiting for the people to return, place a couple of crisp green dollar bills in your hand, and take you home. But it doesn't happen that way. Oh, yes, they take you home, but all you get is one dirty, wrinkled dollar bill and some small change. A little more cash to reduce your bill and help you on your way through college.

(Handwritten signature)



OUR ENC HOME

My roommate and I live in a little room on the third floor of Munro Hall. When we first arrived at E.N.C. and were assigned to the room, we were a little discouraged because it looked bare and cheerless. We wondered whether we could ever arrange the furniture and still be able to walk around in our eight by twelve room. There were two beds, two desks, two chairs, two bureaus, and two girls to fit into that small room. Of course, we brought our luggage into the room to unpack, and that added to the clutter.

At last the room was finished. We hung our pretty rose organdy curtain, put our forest green bedspreads on our beds, and laid down our rose shag rugs. We put scarfs on our bureaus, arranged the articles on top of them, and filled the drawers with our belongings. We hung our clothes in our closets and had our luggage taken up to the storage room. Ah! At last! We turned off the overhead light and turned on our lamp with the rose shade. We went outside, closed the door, and stood there a few minutes. Then we opened the door slowly to get the full effect of our new room. "Oh!" We gasped in amazement, "Isn't it beautiful?" There never was such a room in the whole wide world.

For the first two or three weeks the floors were dust-mopped every day, the furniture was always dusted, and it was a criminal offense to leave clothes or books lying around the room. We didn't allow anyone to step on our beautiful rugs. Everyone either had to



walk around them or jump across them.

This morning our room looks quite normal. The rugs show signs of being stepped on many times, the curtain is not quite as crisp as before, and there are a few books on the beds and desks. A sweater is draped over one of the chairs, and if you peek under the beds you would see feathers of dust. Our room now has the lived-in look.

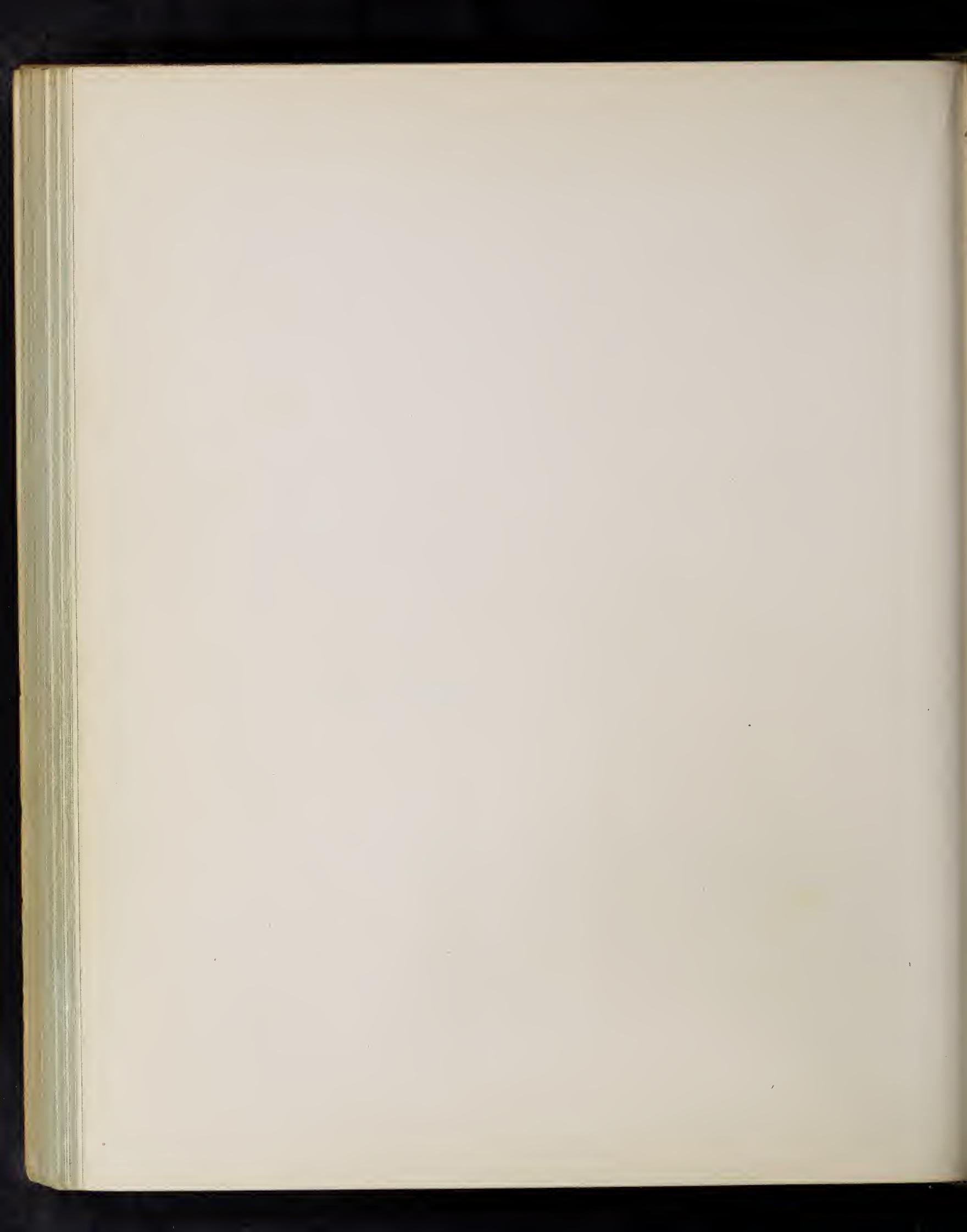
Our room has been the scene of many good times with the girls next door. We have shared many feasts and devoured the contents of packages from home. The six of us have often celebrated Christmas, Valentine's Day, or any day when we felt in a party mood. Here we discuss weighty problems of college life, and make our momentous decisions such as what to wear on our Friday night date, what to write about in our next theme, and what courses to take next semester.

This is our home. Welcome!



Books serve as bridges of present on which we can journey from past to future.

D. Henry



Bud

B

ud was a humble, soft-spoken man. I can't remember when I first saw him. I guess I was too young at the time to remember. I often wondered if he wasn't a very lonely soul upon the face of the earth. It seemed to me as though a man who spent his days alone, with no wife or family, would find life quite lonesome, especially in the remote country where he lived.

Bud was a carpenter by trade, and in the summer he would come out of the wilderness long enough to earn a few dollars, and then return to his old retreat. My father was the closest friend he had, and he often came to our house to build something or repair the house and other buildings.

I was always the first to see Bud when he came. I could easily recognize his tall wiry frame far down the road. My father was the only other one who walked with such an effortless stride.

Bud's features were carved as in bronze. He had high cheekbones, straight black hair and snapping black eyes, but his face was kind.

Through the long winter months Bud made his living hunting foxes. In those days fox pelts were marketable at a high price. Bud was a natural hunter, it was his living and his life, and he was a skilled master of the art. On clear still winter days he was in the woods from daylight till dark, and when he returned he usually bore a prize. Red fox pelts in those days were a prize.

Strange as it might seem Bud's greatest talent was in music. A violin in his hands became almost a living thing, and by the magic touch of his long fingers such music came forth as few people are priv-



vileged to hear in this present world. I remember many evenings in our home when we listened almost in amazement to the lilting strains of his singing violin.

Sometimes my father took me with him when he went to see Bud on spring and fall nights. He would drive the car as far as the old abandoned road went, and we would walk the rest of the way through the dark woods to the lonely cabin. Often my father played the violin and sometimes Bud would play. I would listen quietly and watch the shadows that danced in the yellow light of the kerosene lamp on the table.

The years hastened on and I became a man. One day Bud came to our house, the house of his friends. He was a sick man and knew he would never return to the cabin in the woods. My father and mother did everything in their power to make Bud's last days comfortable. He had cancer. Bud could still play the violin, and now it seemed he played more wonderfully than ever before. The music was not sad, but the wondrous melody seemed to transcend the bounds of sorrow or even joy. Bud's guileless smile, though fainter, was the same on his last days as it had been years earlier, for he had so walked that his life did not now accuse him. He had looked to One greater, the One who is able to give life. He left little of this world's goods, but to me he left a story and a song that are more than kings leave to princes.

Ronald Phillips



MEANING IN MUSIC

T

he great hall is filled to capacity. The very air is electric with tension as the maestro mounts the podium. There is a moment of tense silence as he stands with baton poised. Suddenly three sharp, staccato notes played by the brass instruments shatter the silence. The violins repeat the theme, adding intricate details as the measures follow one another in rapid succession. The symphony has begun.

There is a strange, almost sinister quality in the main theme which has been described as "Fate knocking at the door." Indeed it sounds like a knock--three sharp notes followed by a long one--repeated over and over with almost maddening persistence. At times it seems as though Fate is laughing--mocking the helplessness of mortals before her power.

As you sit there in the semi-darkened room, the waves of sound rolling and thundering over you, your thought may wander back to the composer who gave the world this glorious harmony. What depths of emotion could call forth such dynamic music? It seems that the composer was painting a picture of his own mental agony in a bitter struggle with Destiny. Fate had left him almost penniless, had denied him love and recognition of his genius. He was left with only his art and even that was about to be snatched from him by impending deafness. His music is a portrayal of the bitterness in his soul and as it rushes on to a climax one can feel this bitterness and futility almost as his own.

Suddenly the room is quiet again. The violins begin a haunting melody quite unlike the first one, as though Fate had, for a time, granted the mortal a brief respite from her insistent knocking. The melody is quiet and beautiful with a touch of pathos. What pictures of things



that might have been haunted the composer as he wrote this sad, wistful melody?

So gradually that one scarcely notices the change, the peaceful harmonious mood becomes a bit uneasy until Fate is back again in the bitter struggle. This time it is a different type of battle. Instead of the furious emotional struggle portrayed before, this time Fate is coldly, calculatingly going about the destruction of the human being in a most methodical way. One wonders how any mortal could stand up under this hammering of Fate as the tension mounts higher and higher.

The great crescendo suddenly breaks into the most glorious, triumphant theme imaginable. It seems that the heavens must have opened and a vision of the glory of God had broken upon the confusion and struggle. The movement is alive with strength and conviction. There is no doubt here of the composer's intent. His music seems to say, "Oh, life is so beautiful, let me live, live!"

-Patricia Wilson

The library has an atmosphere that is almost sacred, as it represents in part the fulfillment of a vision of a godly man.

B. Mullen



"STUDY TO SHEW
THYSELF APPROVED"

II Timothy 2:15





WAKE UP, AMERICA

I

f America doesn't wake up, she will find herself in the same position as a large percent of the rest of the world." These words were spoken by my young German friend, John, who had arrived in the United States only four months prior to that time.

We were walking up Exchange Street on our way to work. My heart skipped a beat and I felt a sickening sensation in the pit of my stomach as I asked, "Why, John?"

"Americans are too careless of their privileges and blessings," he said. "We of Europe have seen first-hand the methods and workings of Soviet Russia. If America doesn't wake up and protect her liberties, she may soon be seeing Russia's methods first-hand also."

This early morning discussion gave me a new train of thought for the day - and for all time. How are we Americans careless? In what ways can we do something to prevent this thing called communism from undermining our beloved land?

After some mental probing, I thought of our four freedoms: freedom of the press, freedom of speech, freedom from fear, and freedom of worship. Surely here was a solution to John's charge of American laxness. If each American would live to the full under his privileges of American freedom, the deadly foe called communism could never become established in our liberty-loving land.

First let us mention freedom of the press. Of course every one of us isn't going to rush out and publish a newspaper or a magazine, but it is our duty to read, to listen, and to think on these problems which confront us.



Freedom of speech - what a glorious American privilege! Many people of the world today would be annihilated if they dared to express the thought in their minds. In the light of recent developments in Russia we should thank God that we are even able to think for ourselves without fear of being cut down.

This brings us to the third great freedom, that of freedom from fear. In my wildest dreams I cannot picture what it would be like to live in continual fear. To be afraid to speak our own minds, to be afraid to worship as we please is something unheard of in America.

The last and greatest freedom of all is freedom of worship. This is the freedom for which men have fought and died; this is the freedom on which our country was founded. No one tells us when we must worship, how we must worship, in what church we must worship, nor whom we must worship. I thank God for the democratic principles of the United States of America, the most wonderful nation of God's earth.

But what of John's warning? It strikes a cold chill to my heart. Are we awake, are we appreciative of our privileges, do we consider our duties in relation to our privileges? Only as each one of us individually takes on our duties as well as our privileges are we awake and can we continue to be a free nation. Let's keep awake! Let's keep America free!

Juliette Lupton



ENC TO A LITTLE BROTHER

F

or a long time I did not even know what the initials E.N.C. meant. From the time I was old enough to understand, my three brothers, Wilbur, Vernon, and Lawrence, and my sister Helen had gone there, but just what was involved in going to E.N.C. I did not know. I recall the excitement and preparation when one of the family would leave for E.N.C. I often wondered what sort of a wonderful place it was, that it should take so much of my brothers' and sister's interest and time.

As I grew older I learned that E.N.C. was a school. I wondered if I would ever be able to talk as intelligently as Wilbur did when he came home. He spoke of the many wonders (to me) of Boston, and I thought that I could live and die happily if I could only go to this great city. To be where the rush, lights, planes, people and buildings were and to see policemen riding in cars with real sirens was one of the highlights of my childhood ambitions.

To greet my brothers and sister on their home-coming was like welcoming a national hero. I would often ask my mother, "Show me on the calendar when they'll come from E.N.C." I looked ahead with keen anticipation to the time when the family would be all together, for then my mother would make delicious date squares, orange pudding and toffee that I seldom got at other times.

Weeks before the big "home-coming" day I too made some preparations. I saved all the pennies I could and invested them in candy bars which were carefully stored away in the big bedding box. I planned who I would sleep with weeks ahead. When the time finally came that I was in bed with big brother telling me an E.N.C. story I would proudly dis-

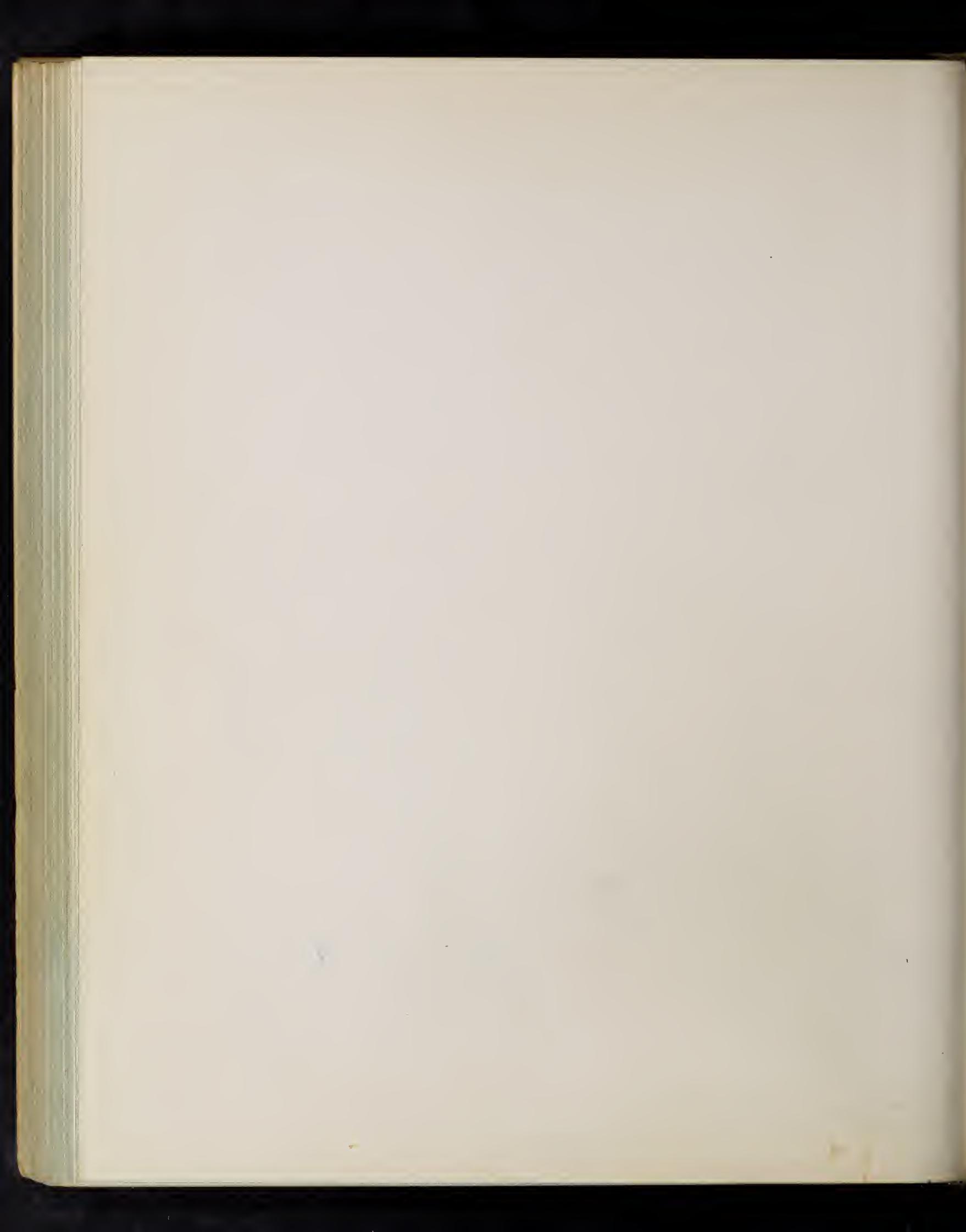


play my candy store. I was not embarrassed if the bars were a bit stale or smelled like mothballs. I thought that I could get one more story if I could keep my partner awake by feeding him candy. It was during these story-telling times that I first heard such terms as bender, mansion, prof., rhetoric, Ad Building, buddy, dean, campus, prexy, green carpet, and roomie. How I wished I could use language like that! I spent considerable time wondering what an "Ad Building" was. I decided it was related to arithmetic but I did not know how. Mansions at E.N.C.? I had associated mansions with kings and queens, so I thought that E.N.C. must have its own royalty.

The big books full of pictures that my brothers brought home were a joy to my life. Very often my little sister and I would open the books together and have a contest. We would see who could name the most students and faculty members. From the E.N.C.-ers of the family we learned the names of all the faculty and many students. I thought it was wonderful to have teachers with such names as Gideon and Evangelos.

The idea of attending E.N.C. grew and became a prime childhood ambition and dream. I often wonder how I could help loving E.N.C. with the environment that I had. Even though I was the last member of the family to embark from the protection of home I have finally come to know first-hand the glories of Eastern Nazarene College. I haven't been disappointed, although living in a dorm with bender boys and more bender boys isn't as glamorous as it was cracked up to be.

Ronald A. Quisen



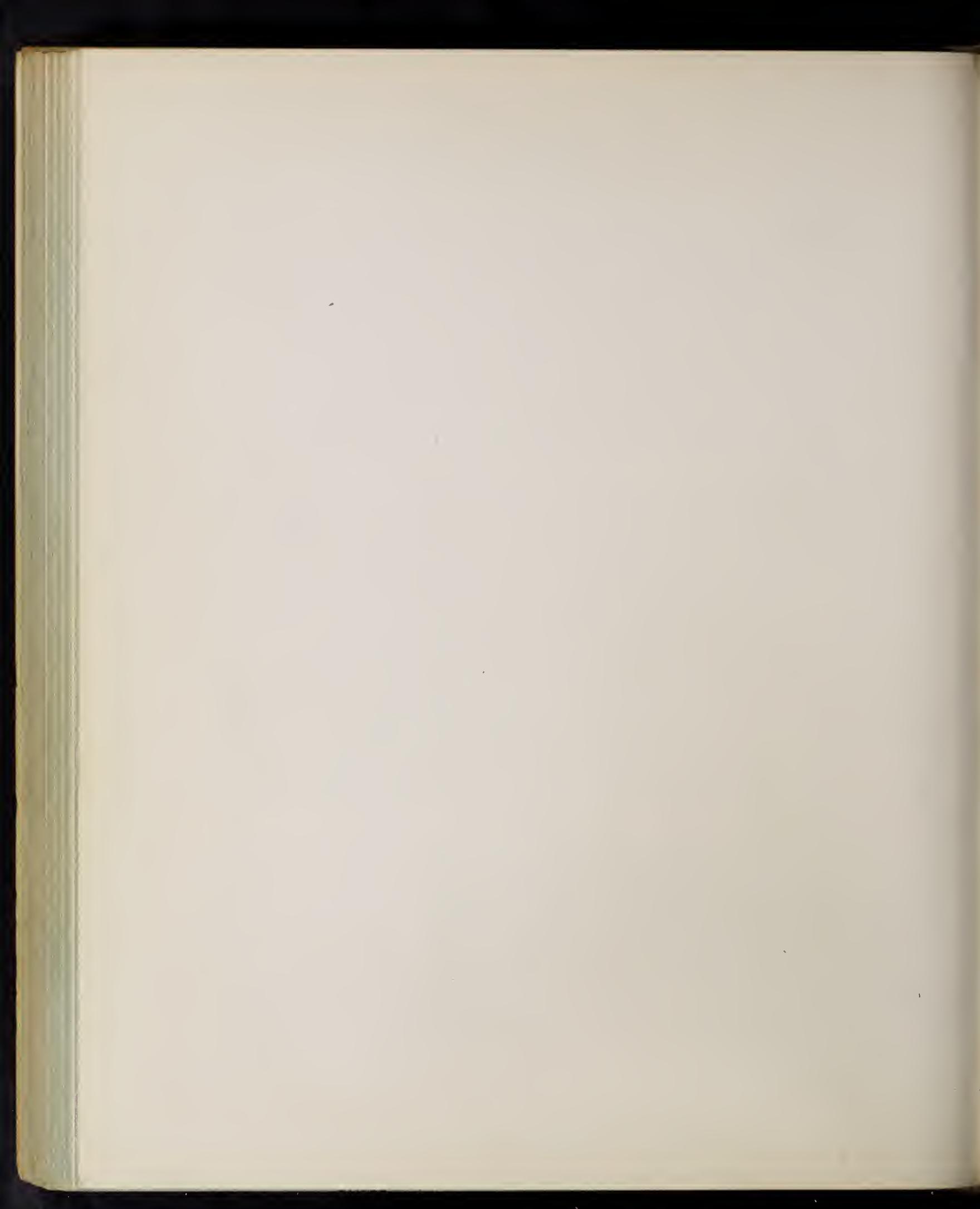
EXAM CRAM

October 9th. There's a western civilization exam October 10th and I haven't even read the chapters. It's about 1:30 p.m. I'll spend the whole afternoon studying. Let's see, read chapters nine and ten. Pages 160-247--about seventy-five pages.

Chapter 9. "Roman Civilization." "Long before the glory of Greece" - The door opens and Dee asks me to go to the football game with her. Football game! I forgot about it. I tell her I must study.

One by one I hear the kids leave for the game. Lois yells down the hall to Nancy that she's going to forget western civ and go to the game. I shut my door, pull down the shade, and bury myself in the book. "The Romans never equalled the Greeks in art and science" - The kick off! I can hear every word of every play, for the football field is right outside my window. Let's see, where was I? "Archaeological evidence indicates" - Touchdown! Who made it? I run to my window to see. Someone was hurt on the play. I can't stand it any longer. Off I go, leaving my western civ book on the bed open to page 161.

After the game I have to work. It's 7:00 p.m. - western civilization exam October 10th, and I've read all of one page. Seventy-four pages to go. If I can read fifteen pages an hour I'll be done at about 12:00 p.m. If I take a half hour out to go to the Dugout that will make it 12:30 p.m. I'll have to add another hour to that to look it over again and to study my lecture notes. That makes it



1:30 p.m. I'll just forget my rhetoric for tomorrow. I've handed it in on time so far. Maybe Prof. Span will overlook just this once. Now it's 8:00 p.m. and I've read only twelve pages. I've got to read faster. "The first of the conquering heroes was Pompey and" - Shirley comes in and asks if she can borrow my lecture notes to compare with hers. "The first of the" - I read that once.

At 10:00 p.m. I'm nine pages behind schedule. But the tragic part of it is that I don't know one thing in the thirty-six pages I read. I should know the causes of the Punic Wars. One cause was - oh well, I might as well look it up. Oh, yes, I must remember the causes of Rome's downfall. They were - yes, what were they? Now did Augustus or Julius rule during the Principate? Anyway I don't suppose it makes that much difference. I'm going to the Dugout now, but it will ease my conscience to take the book with me.

It's 11:00 p.m. Forty-nine pages yet to read. Forty more pages yet, but I think I'll look over my lecture notes to give a change from this heavy reading. Oh, I lent them to Shirley. Just as I'm sneaking back down the steps from getting the notes, the monitor walks up. "It's 11:45 and you are to be in your room," she says. As though I didn't know it.

At 12:45 p.m. my roommate goes to bed. Lucky dog! She's going to take western civ in summer school.

The night wears on. I find myself sleeping fifteen minutes and studying five, sleeping fifteen and studying five. I can't take it any longer.

My alarm goes off at 5:30 a.m. I spend the next half hour



desperately studying and then drag down to the cafeteria to work.

Between waiting on tables I look over the lecture notes.

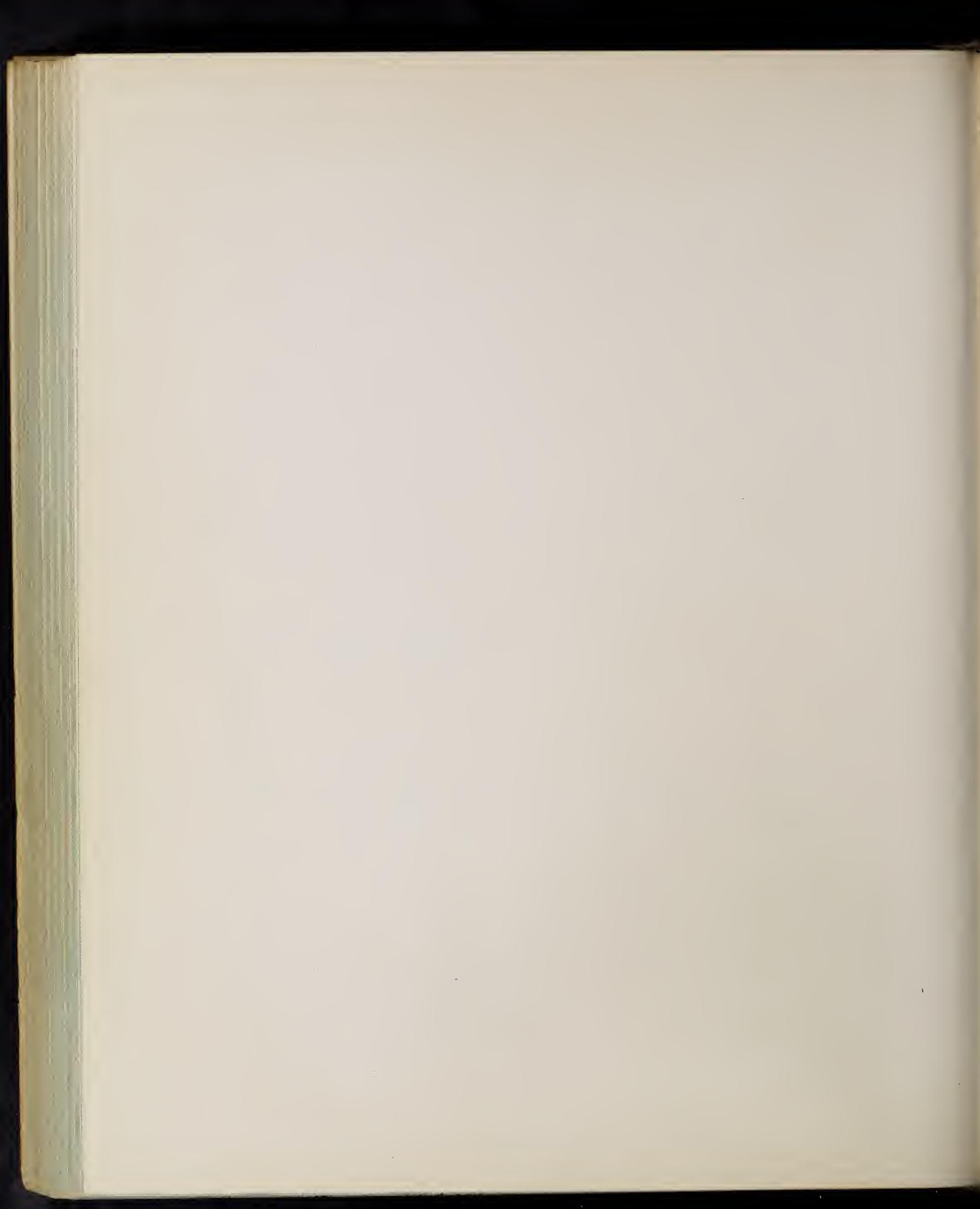
During rhetoric class I try to finish the last few pages. "The development of Saracenic Philosophy - 'Is that true or false, Miss Morehead?'" I jump at the sound of Prof. Span's voice. "I - er, it's f-false," I stammer. Whew, good guess.

The fatal hour is here. Prof. Smith is late again. Doris asks me the causes of the Punic Wars, Barbara wants to know the difference between Stoicism and Epicureanism, someone else asks the chronological order of the battles, and, oh, where are those names I wrote down to learn? My muddled thoughts are interrupted by Prof. Smith's clear, jovial voice, "Due to circumstances beyond my control, we will postpone the exam until next week."

Jeanette M. Gibson

Service, progress, learning, sacrifice, faith. Truly the Nease Library is worthy to take its place among the symbols of E.N.C.

P. Gibson



WRITER'S DREAM

S

ome day I'll write. I'll write something big, something wonderful; something that will make the mad rushing world stop short and think about what I have written. Maybe I'll write an article, an article that will be immortal like the editorial that assures us that there still is a Santa Claus. But I won't write about Santa Claus. I won't mock the world saying that it's doing fine, everything's going to be all right. I'll shout with my pen point for a megaphone, "Listen, World! Don't you see what you're doing? Look, People! Don't you see that in your wild search for pleasure, your craze for a thrill, you are blindly heading for destruction? Take off your blindfold of complacency and see that the world isn't 'getting better all the time.' You are plunging on toward world war and utter chaos! And you don't even care!"

Or perhaps I'll be more subtle in my approach. Maybe I'll write an essay; an essay about sun and fresh air and rocks and streams. An essay about hills and forests and dainty wild flowers and winding country roads. An essay about snow and the sea and mountains and sunsets. I'll use beautiful language, and the words will fit together as if they were created to hold just that place in my essay. My essay will softly call people away to find in the bubbling freshness of a stream, in the fragile beauty of a flower, in the indescribable splendor of the sunset colors, reason and peace and God. And they will bless me, and thank me for my essay; thank me for creating beauty with my words.

Perhaps I'll write a novel. My novel will be different from other novels. My novel will be beautiful, and ugly. The people in my novel



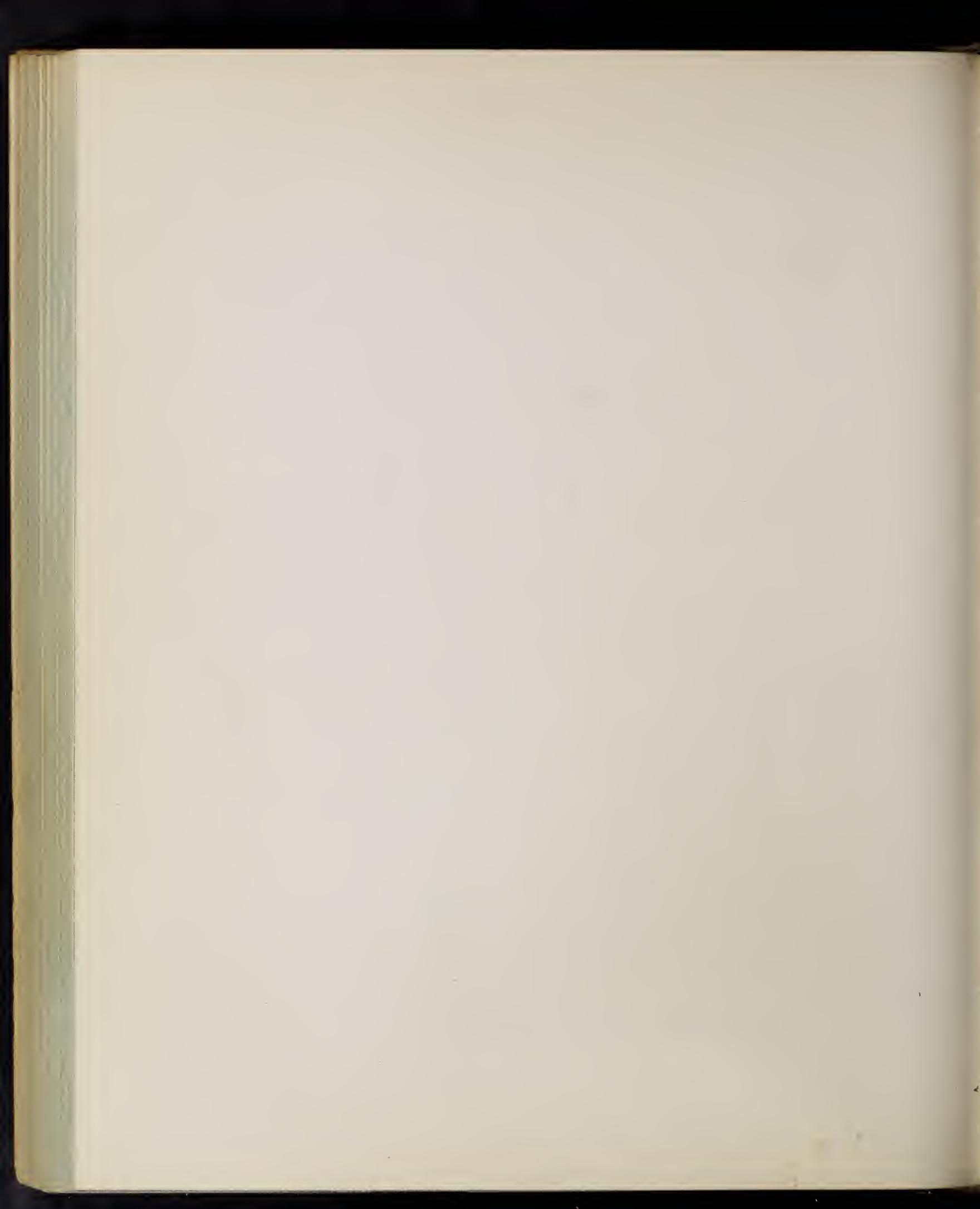
will not be handsome or talented; but they will be real, with real feelings. Life will not be kind to them in my novel. Their problems will not all dissolve at the end. It will be an ugly novel. But some of my people will learn to overcome their problems, learn to smile back at Life when it frowns at them, learn to live with themselves and their fellowmen and their difficulties. And their lives will be beautiful because they can endure and enjoy Life. So my novel will be beautiful, more beautiful than a live-happily-ever-after novel.

Yes, some day I'll write. It may not be an article, or an essay, or a novel; but whatever it is, it will come from my heart. It will say what my heart says and thinks and feels. It may not have great high-sounding words; it may not ever be called literature. But after all, what good are cold, bleak rhetorical rules if they smother what my heart says? What good are well-turned phrases and carefully chosen words that sound lovely, if they don't mean anything? if they don't make your heart feel what my heart feels? That is what I want to write--what my heart feels and what your heart wants to say.

You say I'm dreaming? Maybe I am dreaming. Maybe I should be writing my theme for rhetoric class tomorrow instead of letting my dreams run riot.

Dear - [unclear]
The library...is a challenge to learn.

B. Hemmings



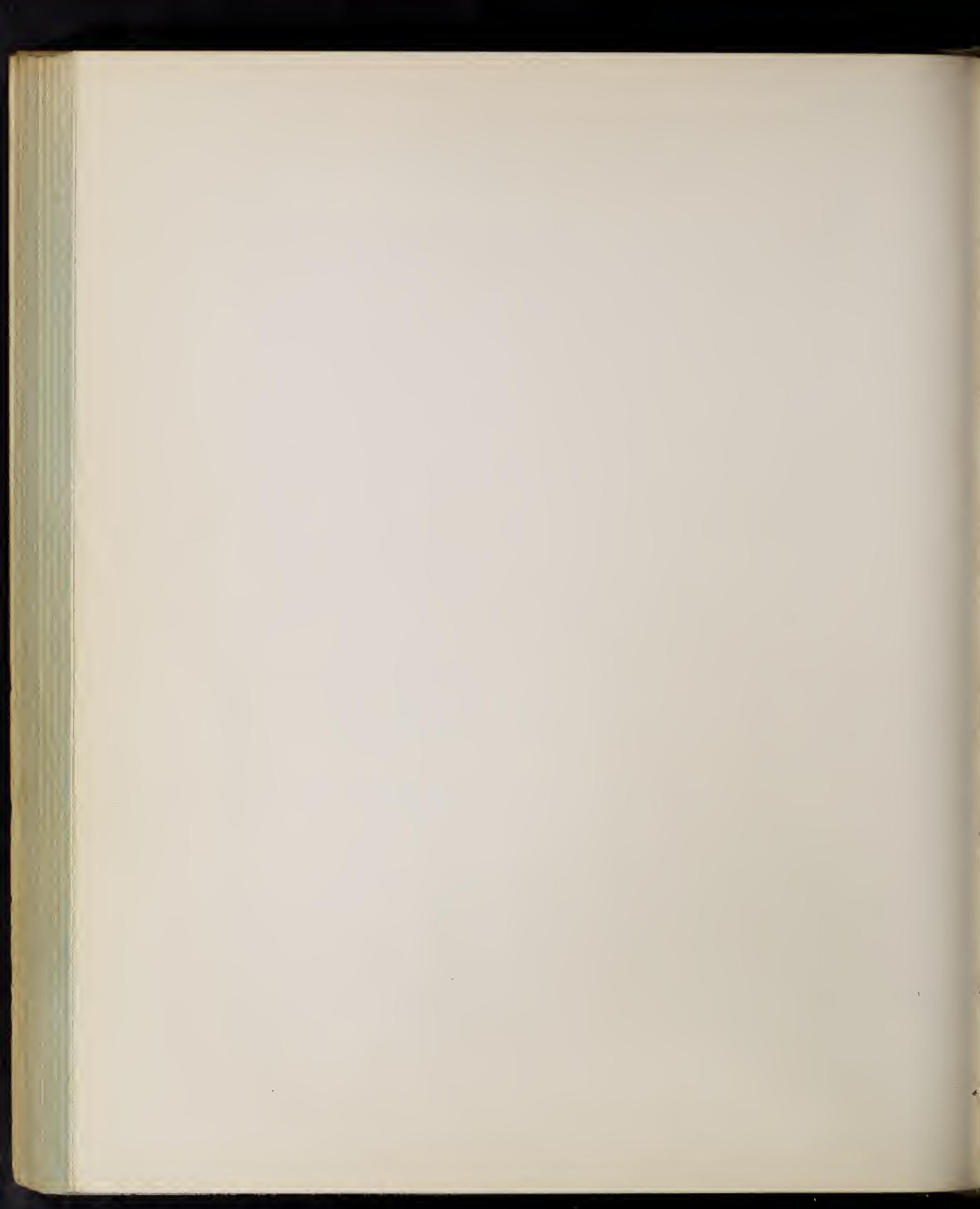
GREAT SCOT

Like everyone else I am very proud of my parent's birthplace.

Not that I am not as patriotic an American as the next fellow, but there's strong loyalty in my Scotch blood.

One of my great ambitions is a trip to this land of the locks, kirks, laddies, and lassies. I feel inside a strong emotion for the place where my parents spent their happy youthful days. The thought of being in the industrious city of Glasgow, my father's home, with the men who have forged, fitted, and riveted the British fleets all through Britain's history would appease my great longing. Also I want to visit my mother's home in Edinburgh. Not only is this city the political capital of Scotland, but it is also the educational center of the whole British Isles; at least all Scotchmen think that way. While I was in Scotland, I would, of course, visit my relatives, who are but names to me; some names I do not even know. I would love to trace my lineage. As far as I know, the McCloys belong to the Stuart clan.

Many times I have heard people giving the Scotch a regal ribbing. It is my ancestral duty to defend this fine country and its occupants. So I have made a set plan of rebuttals which are ready for any emergency. A favorite comment about the Scotch is that they are cheap. I am all set for this one. I tell them that they wouldn't have free libraries if it wasn't for the Scotch. For that great philanthropist, Andrew Carnegie, was a true Scotsman. Another dig is that the Scotch



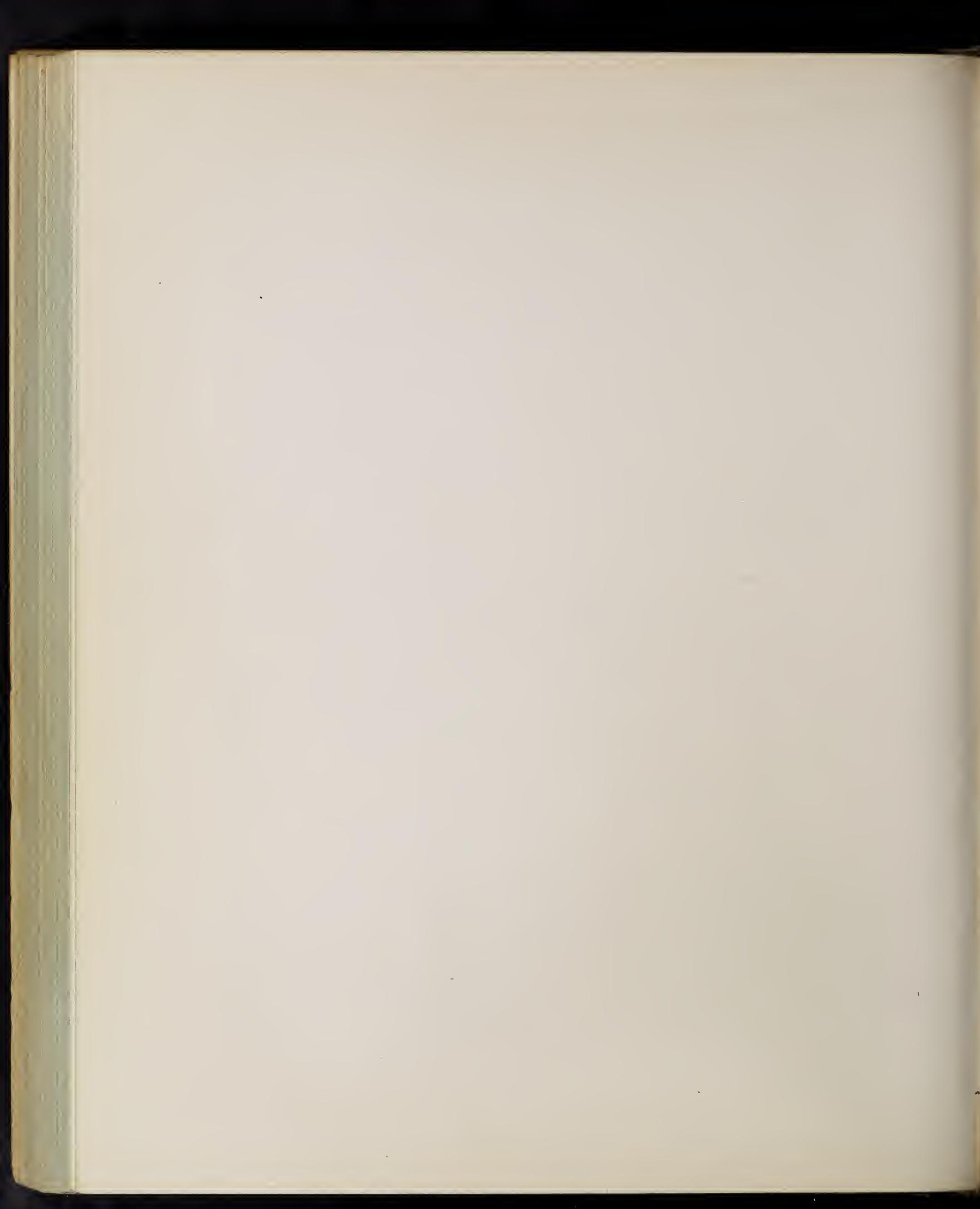
soldiers are sissies for wearing skirts. These ribbers should ask the Germans how sissified they are. It was the Scotch kiltie division called the Argyles that led the Allies against Rommel during the African campaign of the World War II. Another famous division of the First World War was the Black Watch.

Whenever I hear an Irish Catholic start pulling down the native land of my kin, I am ready, willing, and able to stand my ground and to start throwing punches, figuratively of course. My hardest punch is this: "On March 17 of every year you people celebrate the holiday of St. Patrick. Little do you realize, however, that St. Pat was a true Scotchman who gave the Irish a little of the gospel that the Scotch had all along."

We Americans are apt to hurt a Scot without realizing it, for often we say, "England does this, or England does that." If a true Scot happened to be present, he would feel highly insulted, for England is but a part of the British Isles. If you must say anything, be specific by saying either England, Scotland, or Wales, or using the cumulative noun, Great Britain.

Robert Burns sums it all up in his verse:

"It's guid to be merry and wise.
It's guid to be honest and true.
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff an' blue."



PROBLEM DICTATORS

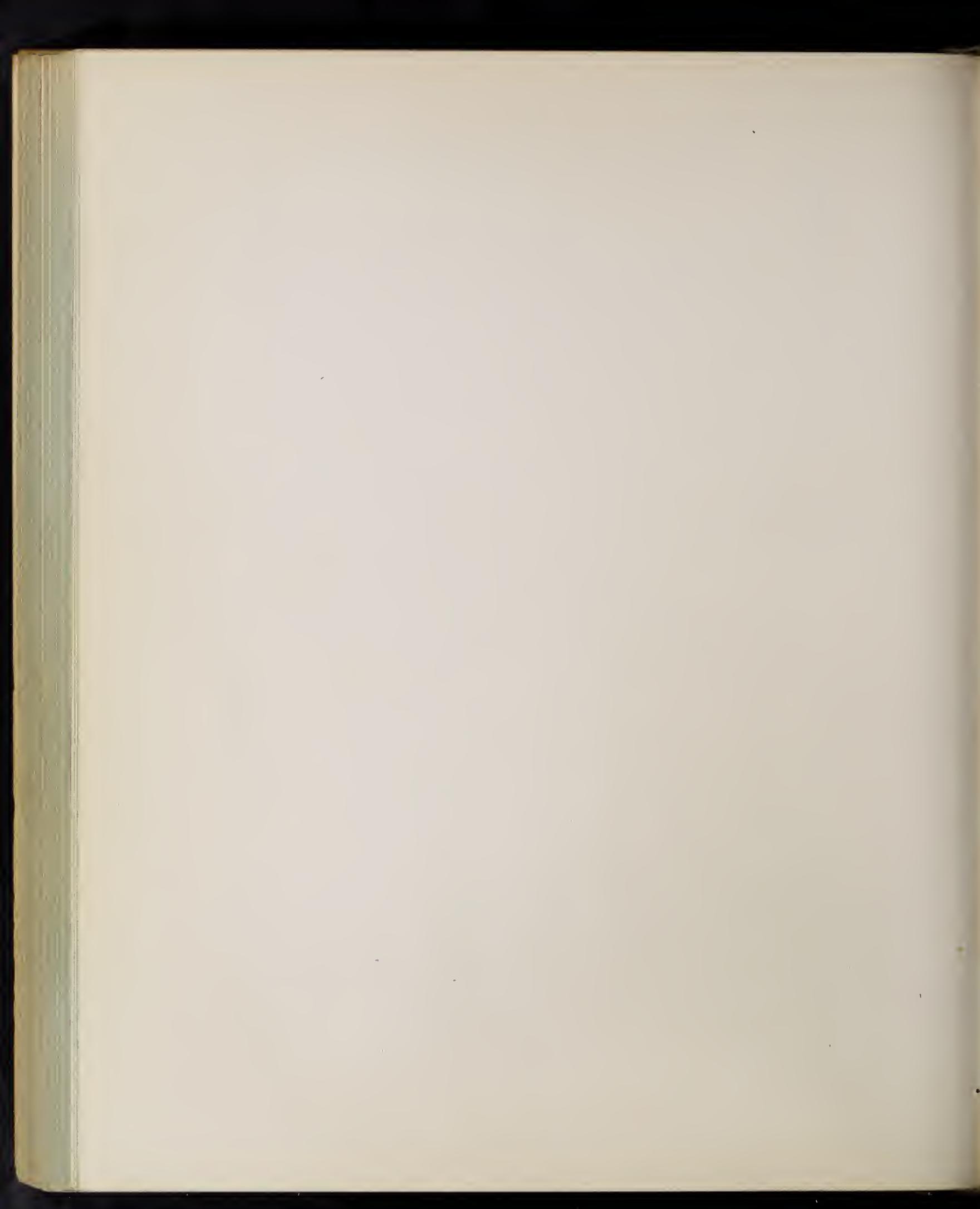
T

he position of the boss has been magnified in the eyes of the public. He has become the figurehead of the business office. But it's the secretary "the behind the scenes" operator, that keeps the wheels of the business turning systematically.

The secretary must learn to conform to the many peculiarities of the boss in his dictating. Many problem dictators can be classed into one of the "Trying Ten" types.

First is the "overzealous punctuator." This type of boss carefully dictates every form of punctuation along with his words. He puts more emphasis on instructions rather than the letter itself. For instance, his dictation sounds like this: "Dear (capital D) Sir (capital S) (colon) (double space, paragraph) Owing (capital O) etc." The secretary is forced to grin and bear it and hope for a day to prove her ability.

The second type has been glorified in the movies. The "cigar chewer" with his feet upon the desk has been set forth as an ideal. The girl behind the notebook suffers with words coming to her as if they have been through a meat chopper. She may get a hint to the sentence by asking the last word, even though the whole sentence sounded like one word. The secretary might also study the files to learn the boss's pet phrases. The last resort would be writing the letter herself until she "distinctly understands" that he does not wish his secretary to write his letters.



The "fact-forgetter" always leaves out important dates, times, places and amounts.

The fourth type is called the "streak of lightning." He is generally nervous and always in a hurry. It seems as though he must spend all his time in the inner office practicing to dictate at two hundred words a minute.

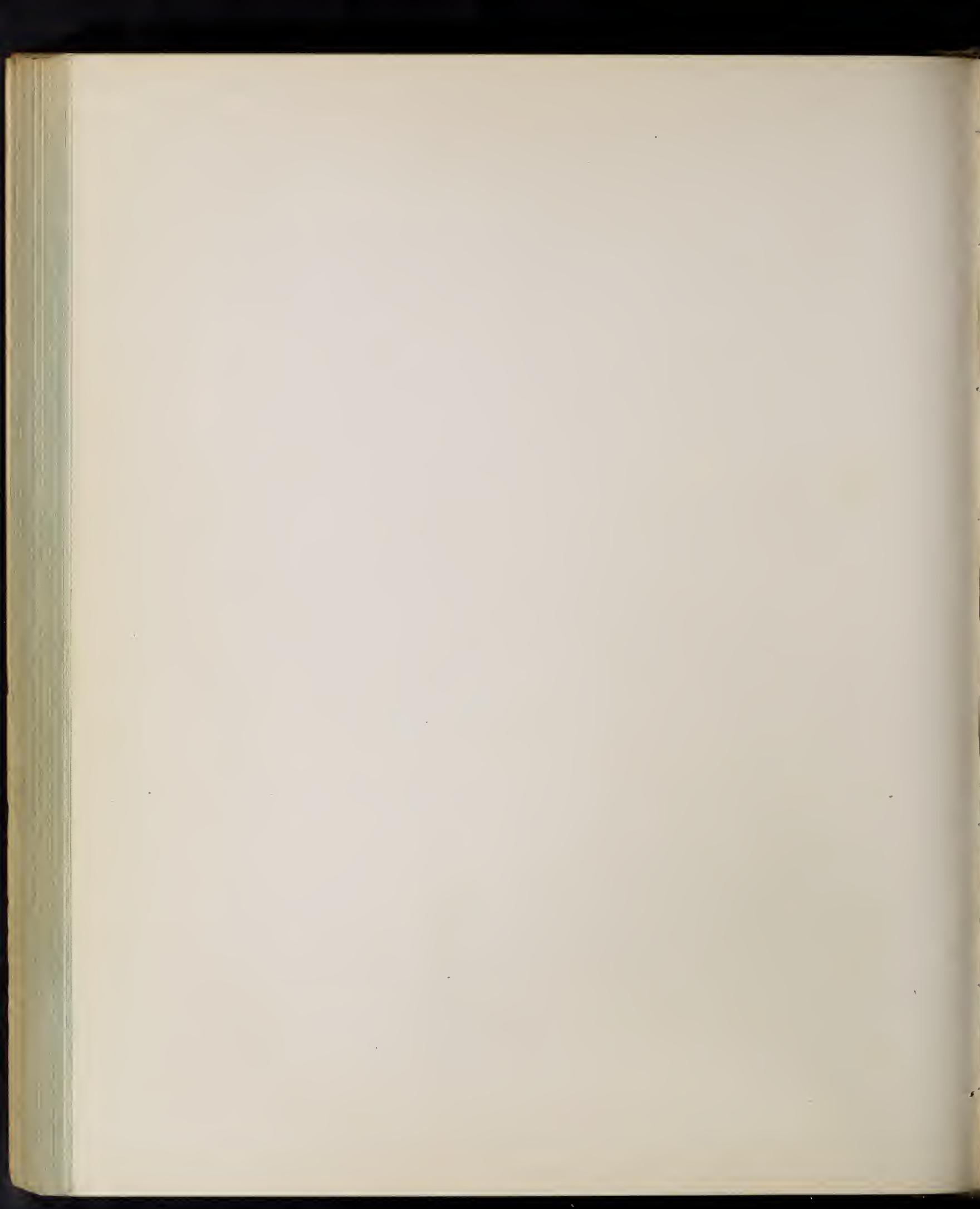
The "read-that-back-to-me" champ either cannot remember what he says or likes to hear his words. Some bosses have very poor use of the English language. They are the "grammar-is-your-job" type. After a letter is transcribed the "slight-correction" guy wants to add a couple of paragraphs which must be squeezed into little openings.

The ninth type is the "4:55 specialist." He never gets his dictation organized until five or ten minutes before closing time, which inevitably is the night the secretary has a 5:15 p.m. dinner date. Verbal reminders aren't effective, but most men wilt in the face of written evidence of unfairness or lack of consideration. It is advisable to keep a copy of over-time and have a heart to heart talk with the boss.

The "rough copy" master cannot visualize the final copy and takes double time of the secretary to make a rough draft and final copy of every piece of dictation.

The boss is not always the ideal that he is pictured to be. It is up to the secretary either to get in step with her boss's peculiarities or quit the job and run the risk of facing worse problems with a new dictator.

Final Revision



WITHOUT A PROMPTER

"A

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."

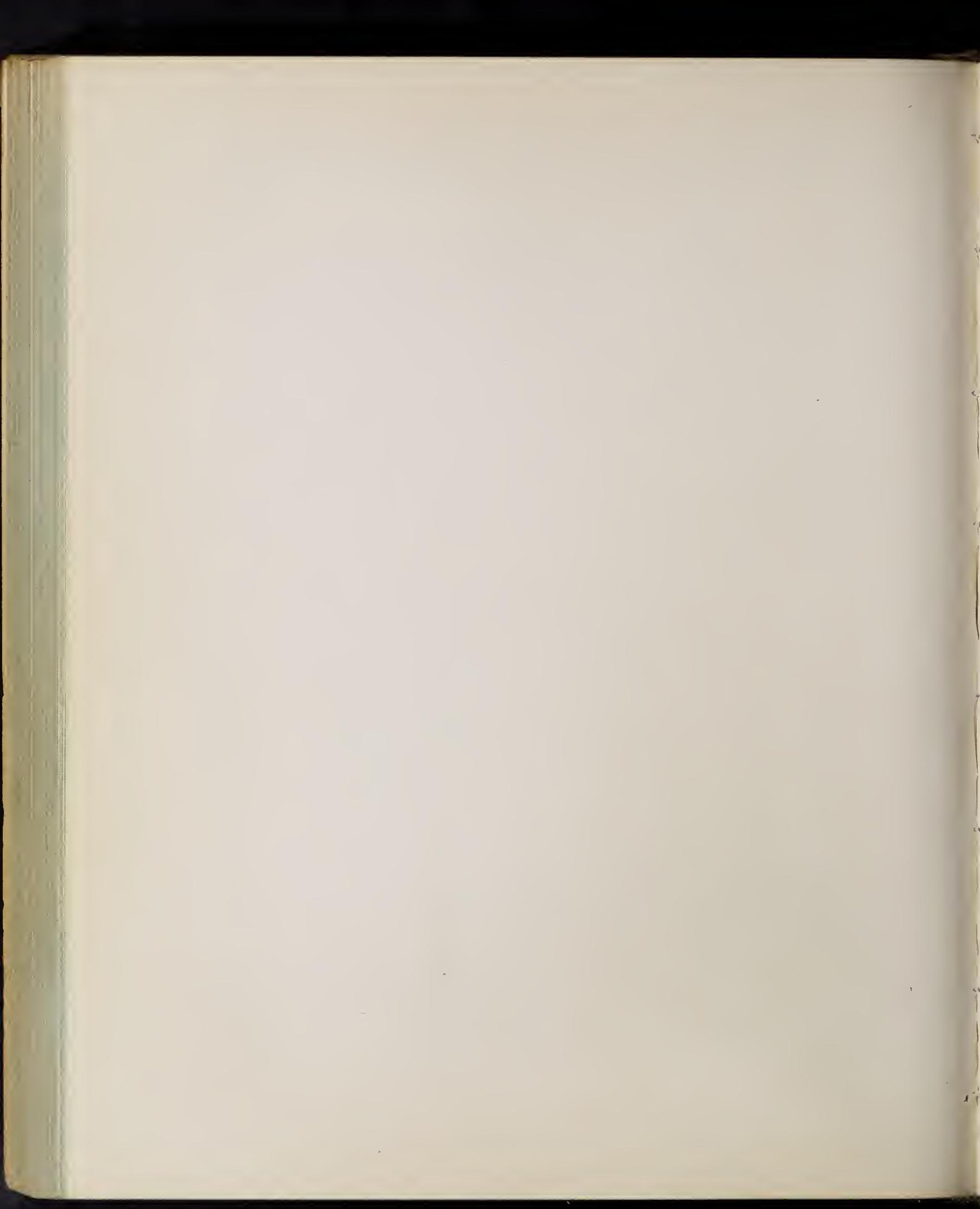
The moment one leaves home for college he takes the first step, without a prompter, in a new act on the stage of life. Mother is not waiting at home each evening to comfort her son when he twists his ankle in football scrimmage or to advise her daughter about social affairs.

Mother and Father are not there to discourage certain friendships, and encourage others. There is not a ready pocketbook each time a new dress or suit is wanted for a special occasion. Instead, there are difficult studies, homesickness, untried friends, and more individual freedom to become accustomed to.

He is now beginning to mature, in many instances a very painful process. His social life at E.N.C. will be exactly what he makes it, so he must remember his lines and play his part well. His script has been written for him in his youth; in some instances, written by wise Christian parents and in others, by ungodly parents. Those who are fortunate enough to have obtained a Christian background and wise guidance in their youth should thank God and try to develop true friendships, a fine mind, and most of all a rich wholesome Christian experience.

When he receives below a "C" in his first Western Civ. test, he must remember to accept it as a challenge, rather than a discouragement. In maturing, he must remind himself to keep his complaints and grumblings to himself.

A wise selection of friends, careful distribution of time to include studies and devotions, proper management of money, and obedience to the rules are all important in his social life.



When choosing his friends and entertainment, a young person must remember the role he is playing in life. A Christian should pray for and be friendly with those who are not Christians as well as those who are.

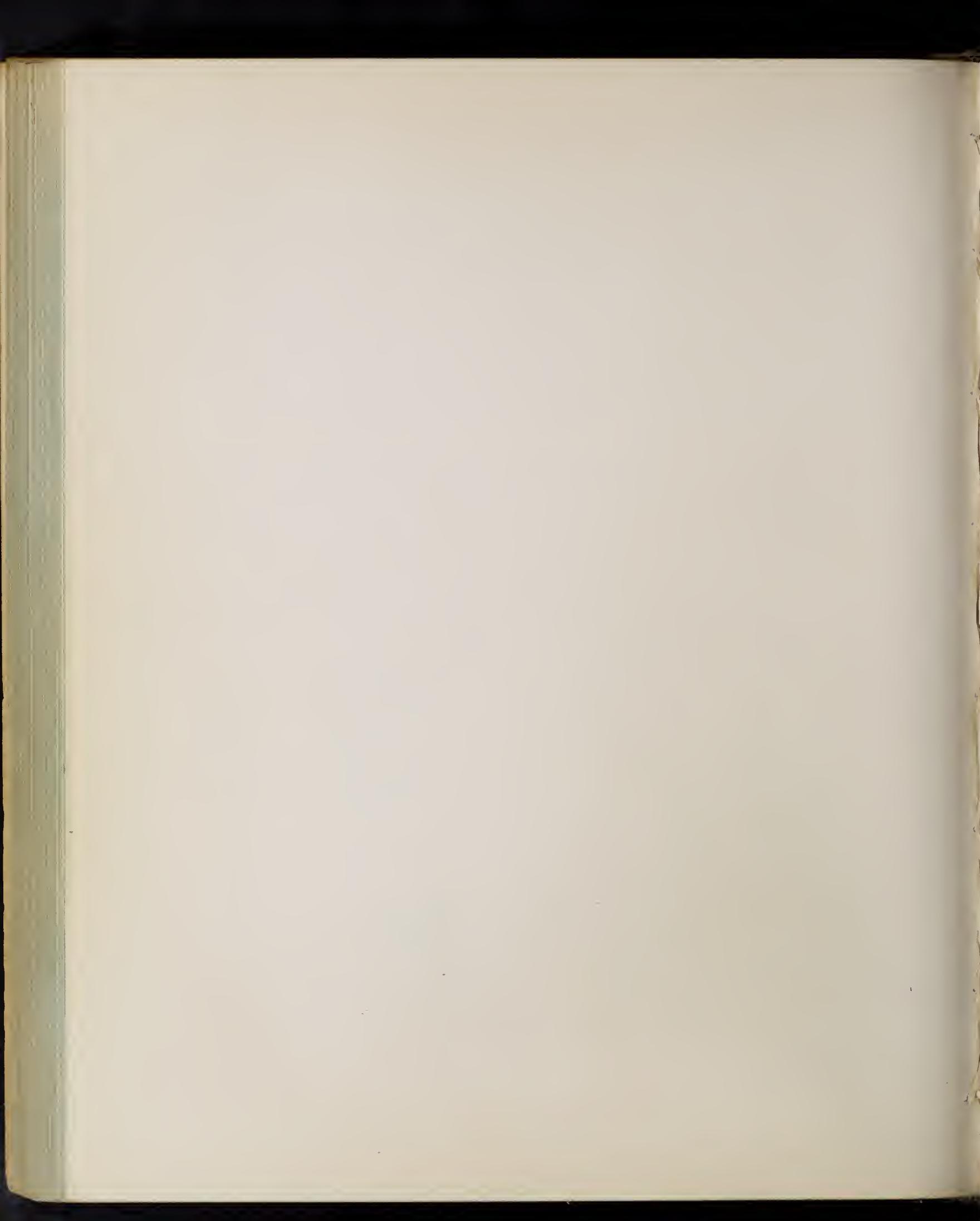
In distributing his time to include studies and devotions, he should be careful to allot the Dugout and bull sessions a limited amount of time. Only when he has developed a working schedule can he feel justly proud of himself.

The matter of managing his own money, with no prompter to remind him that his college bill is more important than a date with his best girl, can often prove to be very difficult. He must use discipline and imagine what Mother and Dad would do in such a situation.

Obedience to the rules is a very important aspect of college social life. The breaking of such may limit one to the dorm for a few weeks and cause lack of confidence from fellow students.

This new stage of life, with a college back round for scenery, and all the new players in the scenes with us, is a challenge. We are free to play anyway we wish. If we are careful in our choice of friends, in the development of our mental abilities and our striving for spiritual maturity, we then find ourselves ready for later stages of life.

Jerry Kettner



Poor Luigi

F

igures of speech, idioms, colloquialisms, dialects, and slang expressions combine to make our language one of the most interesting and the most difficult languages in the world. These grammatical expressions can be very confusing and troublesome to the student of the English language. For example, a word can be used in a certain way and have an entirely different connotation from the same word used in another way. Such a word is the adjective "green."

Let us imagine a person getting a little familiar with our language, walking down the main street of a big city. Let us call this person "Luigi." Now let us walk with Luigi down this busy street and prepare ourselves for an amusing time.

Luigi loves the U.S.A. and thinks how lucky he is to be in America. As he walks along minding his own business, two young ladies engrossed in conversation come toward him. As they pass Luigi, one exclaims vehemently, "That man is green with envy!" Luigi stops, ponders a moment, and spins around eagerly looking for this new specimen of mankind.

On walks Luigi. He sees a florist shop and remembers that tomorrow is Rosa's birthday. Into the shop he walks and says, "I like to seea some flowers." The clerk brings out some eautiful red roses. "Are deesa good flowers?" asks Luigi. "Why," resp nds the clerk, "The man who grew these flowers has a green thumb!" Luigi blinks, swallows, and says, "No thanks, I no wanta flowers today." Bewildered, Luigi walks from the store.

Luigi finally decides to forget the whole green business and get a

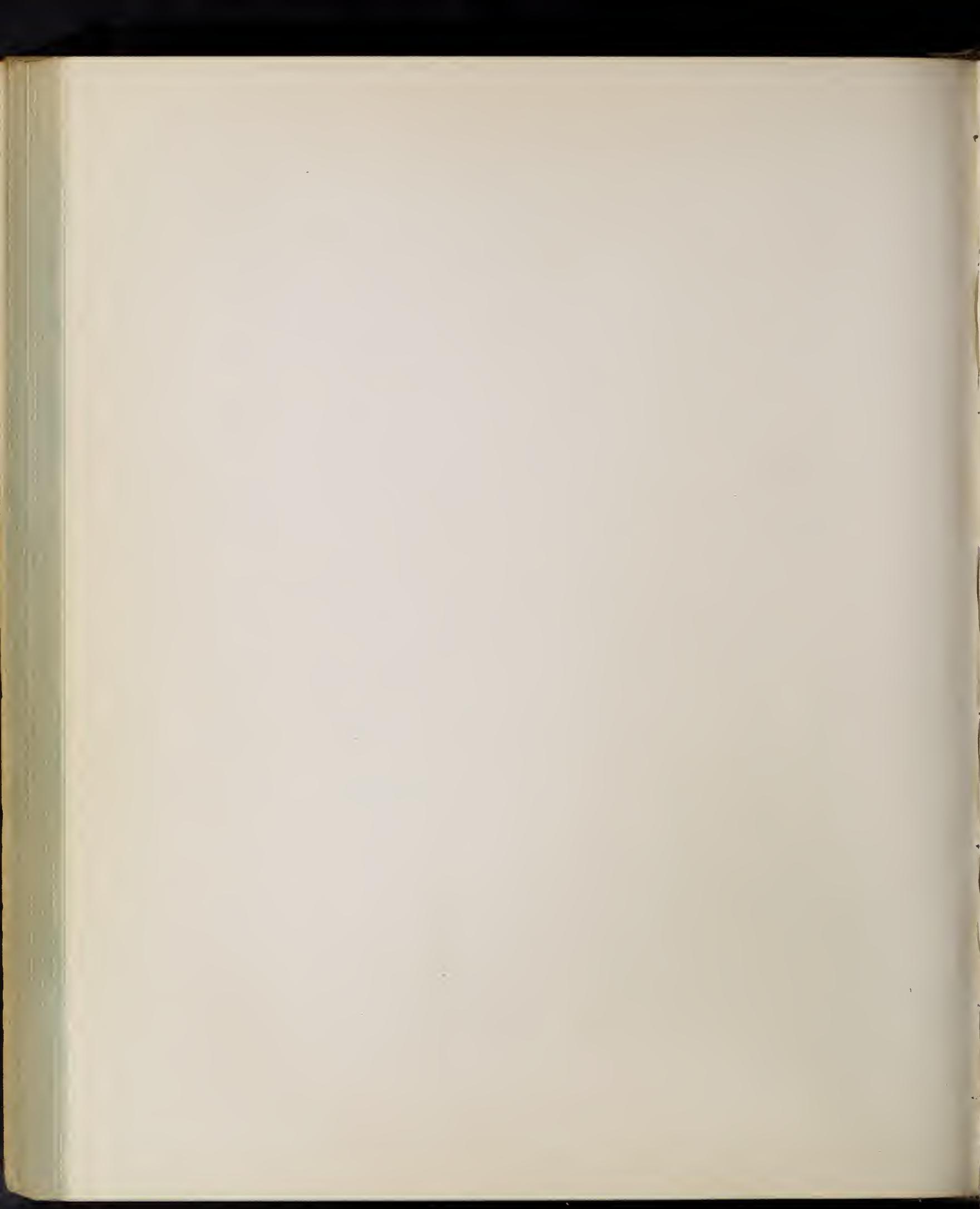


cup of coffee. Discouraged he heads for the restaurant. After the second sip of coffee he decides that he was evidently hearing things. A gentleman comes up to the counter, presents his bill to the clerk, and asks, "How many green-backs do you want?" Stunned, Luigi drops his coffee and runs from the restaurant. "What is a this?" he asks himself. Green this, green that, green the other thing!

Bewinded, Luigi walks down the street again. His eyes are open for people with green complexions, green thumbs, and green backs. What poor Luigi doesn't realize is that these expressions are used in a figurative sense and should not be taken literally. But on walks Luigi in his little green universe.

Suddenly, Luigi sees a sign. In an effort to get away from the greenness of things around him, he runs into the building to inquire about this job. Timidly he approaches the proprietor. "Mister," says Luigi, "I lika a job!" The proprietor looks him over and in a voice touched with pity says, "Why fellow, I can't hire you. You're as green as grass!"

John Biglen



AND I THINK I'M EDUCATED!

E

Every person has thought at some time in his life that he was fairly well-educated, and I was certainly no exception. Through a period of years one may feel quite justified in thinking that he has learned a great deal through experience. But more and more I realize my complete ignorance and illiteracy before the great amount of knowledge which I have yet to explore.

"That's a major accomplishment." I compliment myself with these words every time I complete the reading of a four or five hundred page book. Then I take the book back to the stacks of multitudinous books and realize how small my accomplishment was. Yes, here is the place where this book belongs: a small opening among vast, almost infinite resources of knowledge. On one side of my "great accomplishment" is Dumas' masterpiece, "THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO." On the other side is Rolland's "JEAN-CRISTOPHE." Pride in my great accomplishment is punctured when I realize that my book is only an atom of water in the vast sea of knowledge which is almost infinite in its scope. My eyes have scanned just five hundred pages out of literally billions of pages, and I think I've accomplished a major task.

Recently I visited the Library of Congress in our Nation's Capital, one of the greatest libraries in the world. Those who have visited this place have, like me, stood in awe as they surveyed the seemingly endless stacks of books -- more than 7,000,000 in all! During my visit to this historic and monumental institution I realized more than ever my own limited and relatively insignificant resource of knowledge.

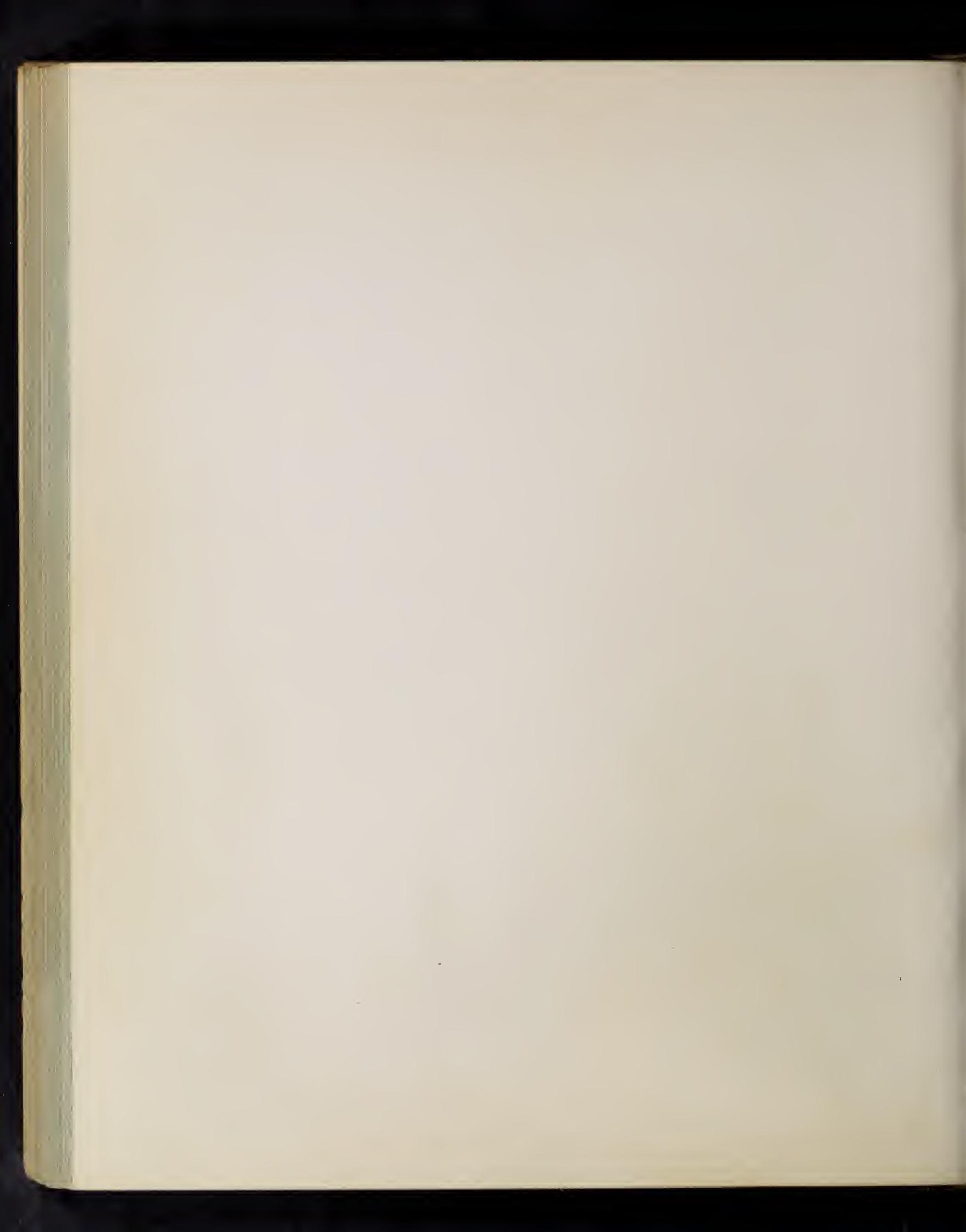
Last summer I worked in the offices of a major book concern. At various times I had occasion to visit that part of the factory where



the books were printed and bound. I was amazed at the rapidity with which books come off the assembly line -- 93,000 a week, one of the factory officials told me. This in itself was astounding, but my amazement was considerably deflated when I was told that less than twenty-five per cent of those books would be read from cover to cover. Yes the boundless resources of knowledge and wisdom found in books are only an arm's length away.

Some claim to be ardent Christians, well-versed in religious terminology and ideas. But much to the shame of many of us, we have not even read our "Textbook" completely, much less made a serious attempt to survey its contents intelligently.

Who would say he is educated? One only need visit the Library of Congress or a major book concern to realize that the knowledge which he possesses is as nothing compared with that which can be learned. Certainly when I was awakened to this realization, it presented to me one of the greatest challenges of my life -- the challenge to explore the vast unknown field of learning which I had previously left almost untouched.



PRESERVE CARD

Bonnie Adams French class, terrific typist, snappy brown eyes

Mildred Ailbrand "Millie," mischievous, sparkling

Beverly Ashline winning smile, sweet disposition, capable

Mildred Ballard poodle cut, "Bill"

Angela Barlos raven locks, expressive prayers, "Angie"

Evelyn Bass diminutive, Christlikeness, tenderhearted

Beverly Blaiddell soft step, delicate, cute smile

David Blaney wavy hair, prof's son, moves noiselessly

Mary Ellen Boshart life of the party, "Foxy"

Rebecca Bown "Becky," charming way, prudent

Robert Briggs bookworm, industrious, winsome personality

Doris Brown brown eyes, "dulce," humility

William Burkhardt tall and lean, talker

John Burley quiet, friendly

John Carlson "Loose," W.T.G., whoopee, friend to all

Weston Chambers "Wes," goodhearted, bashful blush

Alice Jean Clark tall, blond, calm

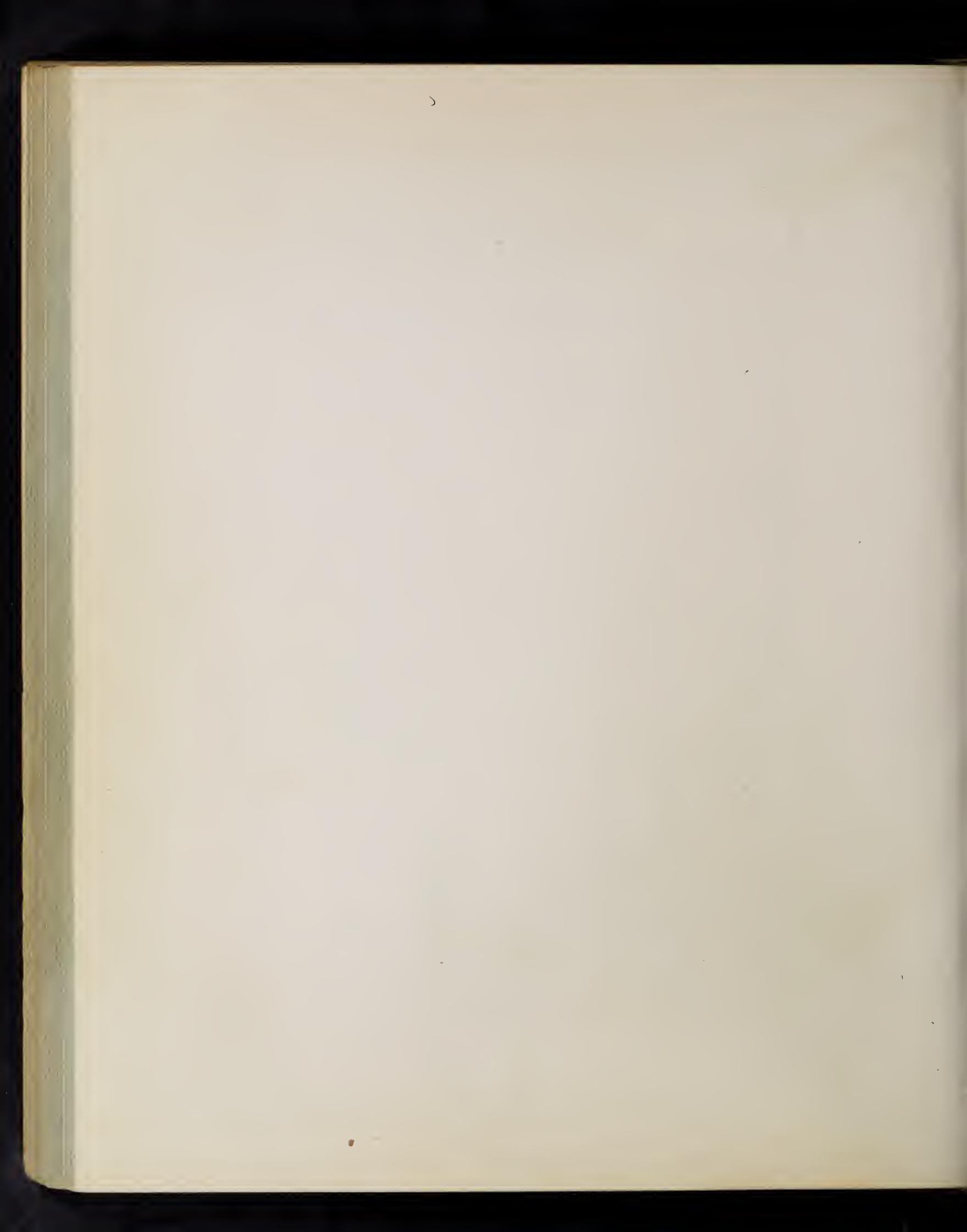
Doris Clingerman small features, conscientious

John Cramer farm boy, deep voice, true disciple

Elizabeth Cronin expressive eyes, sense of humor

Molly Cross characteristic walk, inclined toward benders

Merwin Crouse joker, straightforward, fun to know



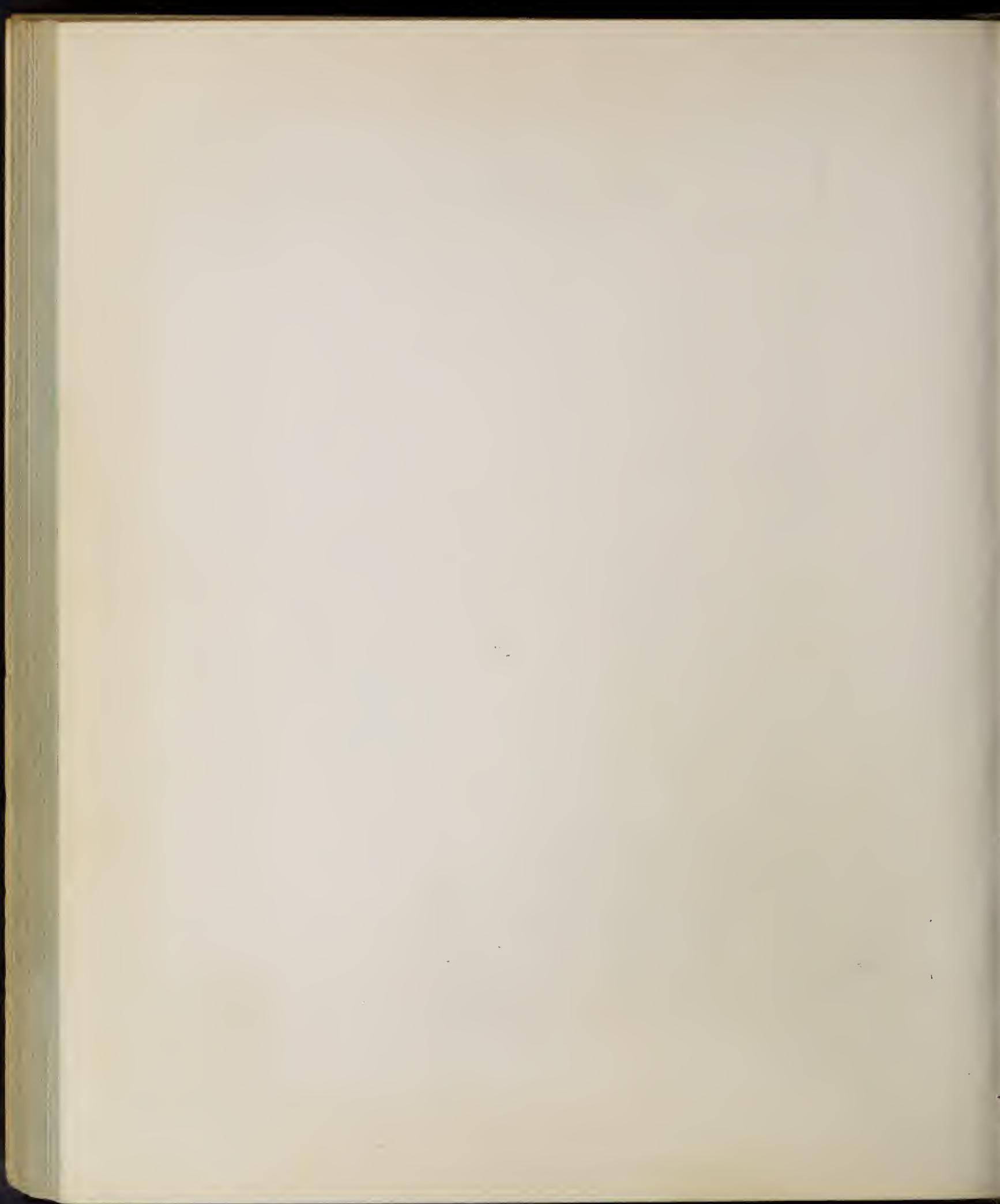
PRESERVE CARD

Bryant Curry sports enthusiast, likes to read
Edward Danielson "Teddy bear," "My Little Margie," jolly
Dorothy Duncan peaches-and-cream complexion, frank, that laugh
Oscar Eller established Christian, well dressed, trustworthy
Willard Ellison quiescent, slim, deep thinker
Earline Fields short and sweet, unobtrusive, adorable
Gladys Fisher future missionary, modest maiden, cautious
Betty Flemming "Hell," southern charm, statuesque
Lois Flick impulsive, Dean's list, agile
James Fox tenor, ready answer, dining hall
Joyce Frederick hard worker, prankster, trusty
Blanche Gery all-round Kappa athlete, bender girl, generous
Patricia Gibson talented musician, green paper
Janice Gidney agreeable, helpfulness, slim
George Gressit man of few words, good looking, polite
David Grosse persuasive, "prexy," answers, walking dictionary
Hartley Harris Maine accent, hot rod, sneak dates
Marilyn Harris "Goldilocks," industrious, sunny disposition
Barbara Hemmings Thoreau, intelligent, nonchalance
Esther Henck petite, musical, stabilized Christian
Henry Henderson laborious, deliberate, biology fan?
DeLyle Henry determined, discreet, leisurely



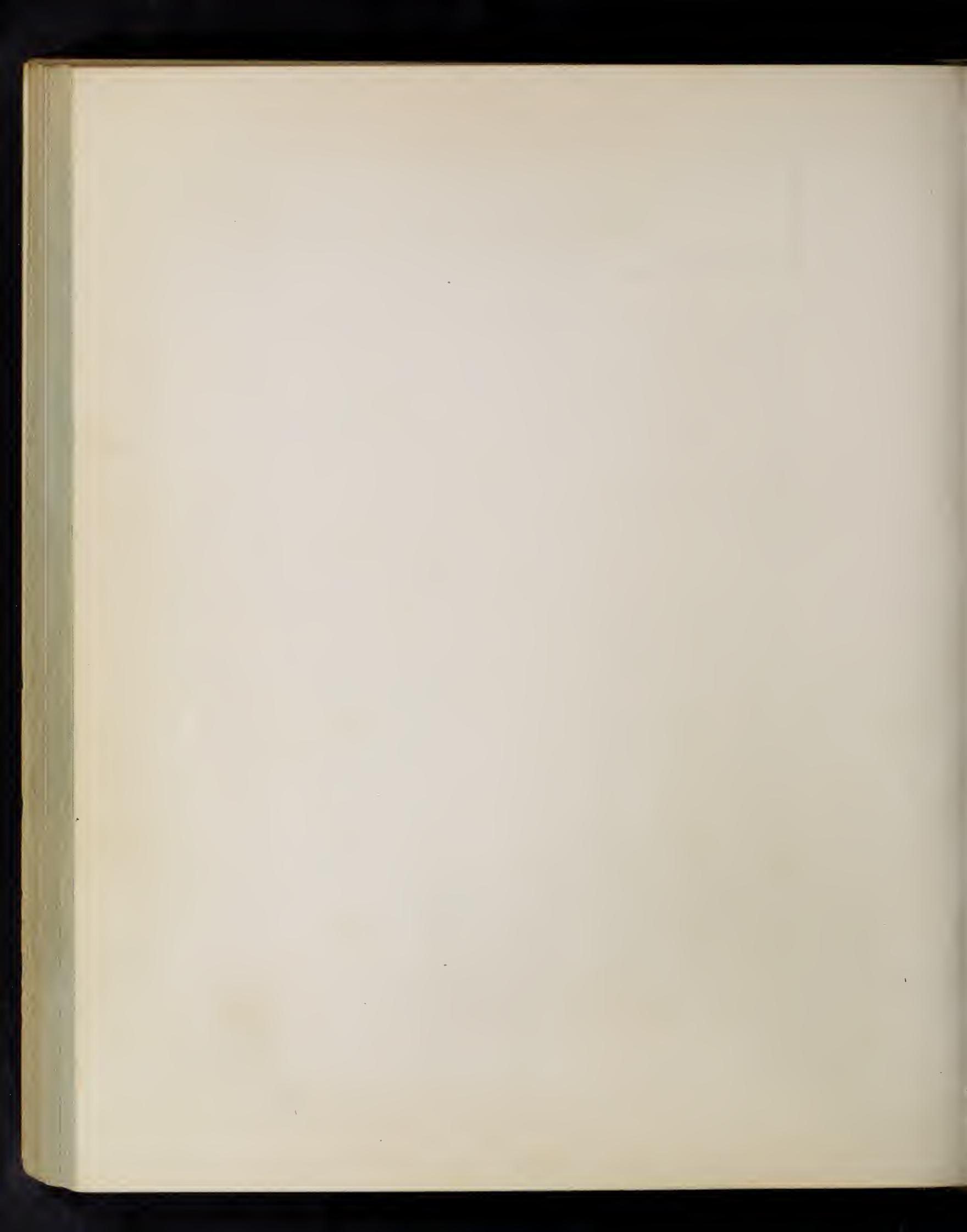
PRESERVE CARD

Alene Higgins conscientious, meticulous, 4th floor monitor
John Hodgkiss good conversationalist, sensible
Robert Horn "clickers," energetic, comical
Doris Jackson artist, diffident, curious
David Jones all "Shelvas," "back in West Va., baritone
Donald Jones philosopher, basso, cheer, "hello"
Kenneth Keim prayer warrior, deep devotion, kind-hearted
Paul Kercher effective delivery, boyish, vibrant spirit
Jerrald Ketner "Ketner's band," "Brother," versatile
Hilda Kidd missionary nurse, eager to please
Donald King Zeta "spark plug," bull sessions
Charles Kohn veteran, spiritual, theologian
Robert Larson Prof. Smith's right hand man, Miami
James Lauder milk interest in Butler, N.J., good athlete
Richard Lehto "flashbulb," boisterous laugh, sociable
Eleanor Long that giggle, gay coquette, "Ellie"
Robert Lynch casual, devoted to Shirley, sincere
R. MacAskill quiet, dark hair
Frederick MacMillan loyal Canadian, forceful, radiant testimony
James McCloy Scotchman, spontaneity
Leora Mc Gee Dugout, awareness
Edward Mann excursions at 2:00 am, math whiz, likable
Doris Mattmiller versatile, Delta cheerleader, "Dee"



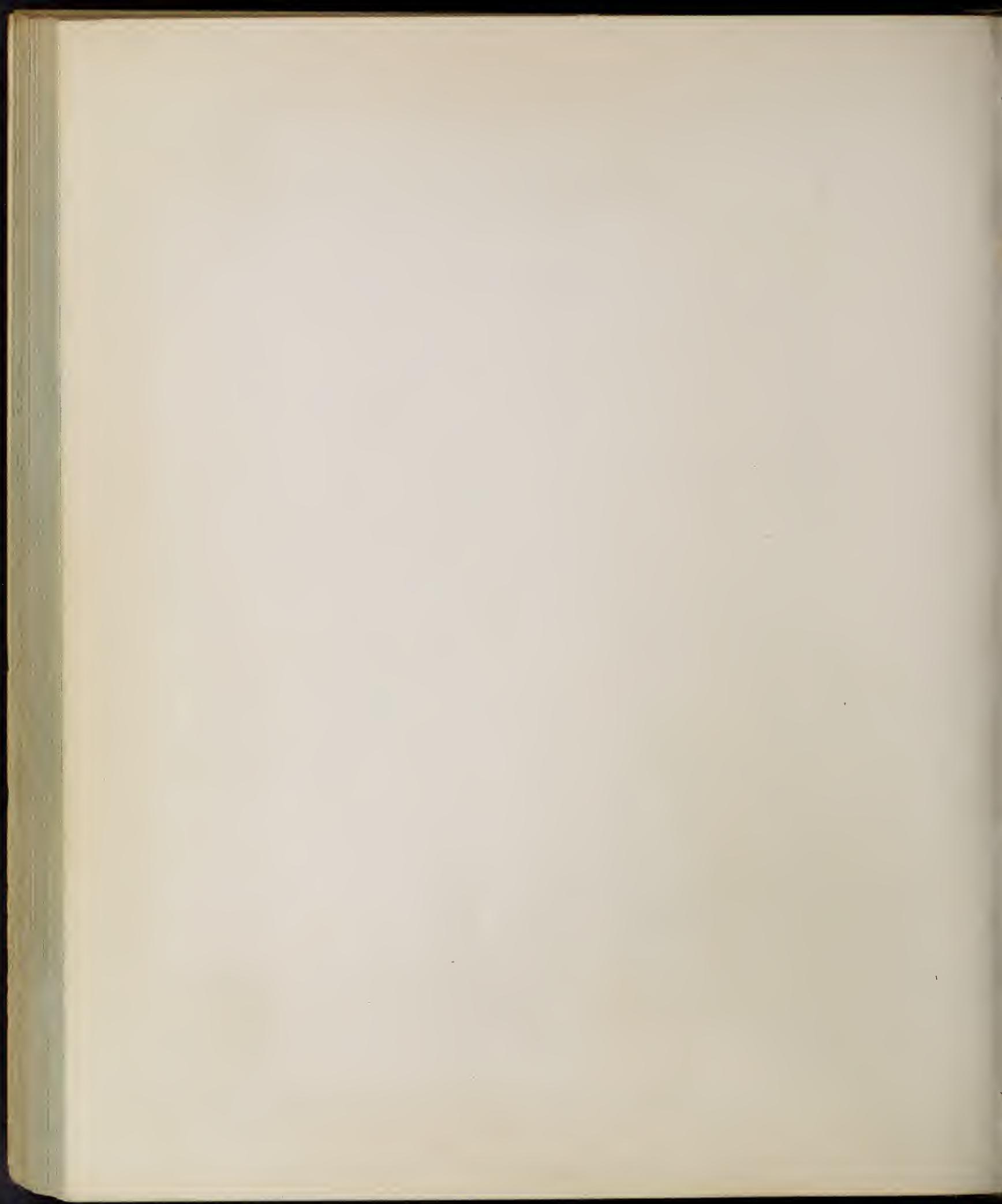
PRESERVE CARD

Robert Merritt hats, opposite of punctual, friendly
Robert Miller muscular, strong, silent type
Nancy Mitchell Kappa basketball guard, unassuming
Jeanette Morehead independent, efficient, intellectual
Ralph Mosgrove musical, pink ties
Donald Mosgrove studious, reserved, a twin
Dallas Mucci forceful, unconstrained, enthusiastic historian
Bernard Muller crossword puzzles, collegiate hair cut.
Lois Nuzum casual, neat, personality plus, gentle spirit
Frances O'Addo easy going, sparkling smile, amiable
Gladys Tanow profound personality, good judgment, "Jersey Cow"
Pershing Parker unobtrusive, prodigy, brainy
Beverly Phillips reserved, even-tempered
Ralph Prince true Christian, purposeful, serious
David Price "Oakie," Delta star, likeable
Lorraine Rehner country lass, enthusiastic testimony
Howard Street air of distinction, photography
Marjorie Sevier visits to Dover, finesse, charming lady
Roy Quantum Delta "sharp-shooter," manly build, "hack"
C. Randolph married man
Elsie Vicent willing helper, dimples, shy
Audrey Wigley soft voice, calm manner
John Winger prospectiv husband, congenial, student
Eldon Wurberger future marjet member, virtuoso



PRESERVE CARD

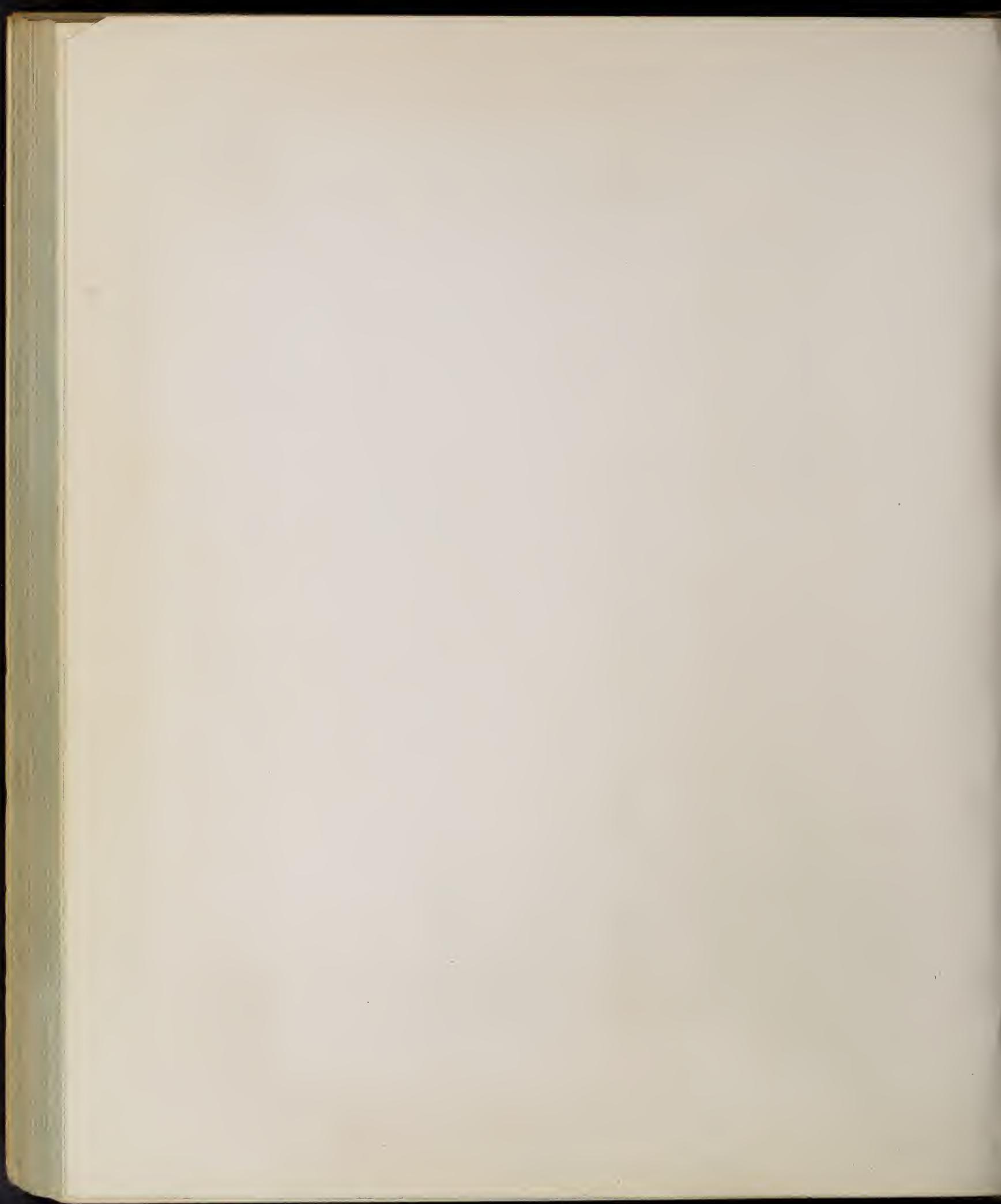
Rose Marie Russell	pleasant, fragile, tied to "Ty"
Nancy Sanford	charming, "A Capella," broad smile
Alberta Schur	attractive personality, studious
Jane Sclosser	observant, enthusiastic worker
William Silver	ex G.I., sincere, mature
Josephine Shields	"my word," vivacious, riot
Janet Shinault	tidy, considerate, small package
John Sipes	gentleman, determined, "Bud"
Barbara Smith	off campus student, neat as a pin
Doris Sowers	"Sterling" qualities, effervescent, faithful
Robert Sullivan	blunt, inquisitive, original
Oliver Taylor	"Duke," dish room, hi ho silverware
Clara Travis	"Pat," pronounced beauty, nice to know
Shirley Twitt	catching attractiveness, charm, neat number
Mariene Vanden Hoff	attractive, spirited, ready smile
Paul Turner	deliberate, unique personality, chaplain
John Vang	cut-up, talented artist, eager
Paul Vincze	scholarly, consistent, rhetorical
John Viles	cautious, mannerly
Patrick Vining	K.P.-consistance personified
Vivian Vining	individualistic, easy mannered, authoritative
Charles Williams	opinionated, artist, enthusiastic
Priscilla Woodward	"Prissie," quaint, unwavering faith
Constance Wright	"D.J." ladylike, pleasing



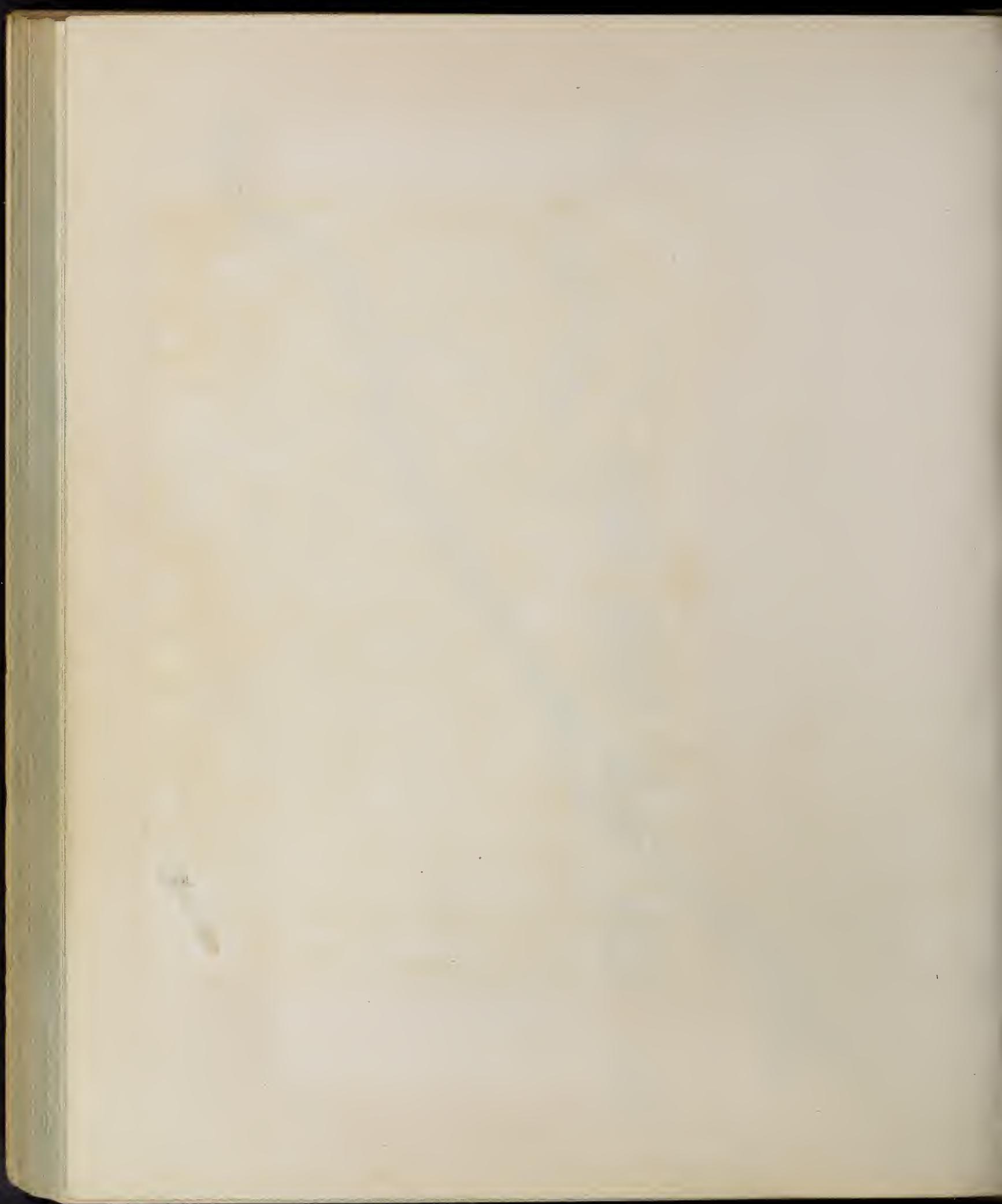
PRESERVE CARD

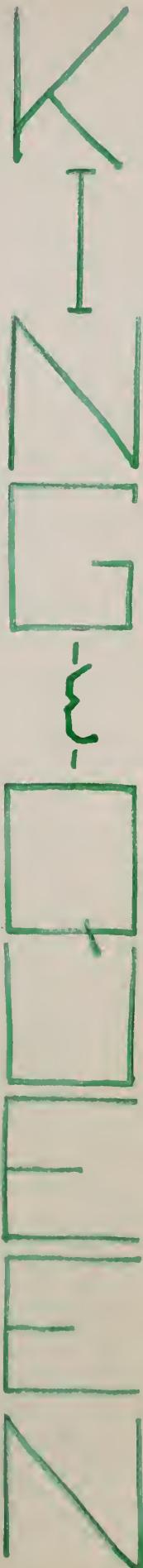
Richard Wright
Beatrice Higkoff
Marie Yoder
Gordon Young
Margaret Young
Mildred Zeigler

friendliness, sharp clothes, ladies man
radiant testimony, efficient waitress, amiable
vim and vigor, "Phillie" accent, Ohio interest
"pee wee," set-shot artist, witty
precise notes, tall gal, serious
ardent Christian, decided, sweet spirit









Shirley Truitt
Bill Seever



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Janette Morehead



Dallas Mucci



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Janette Morchad



David G. Frazee



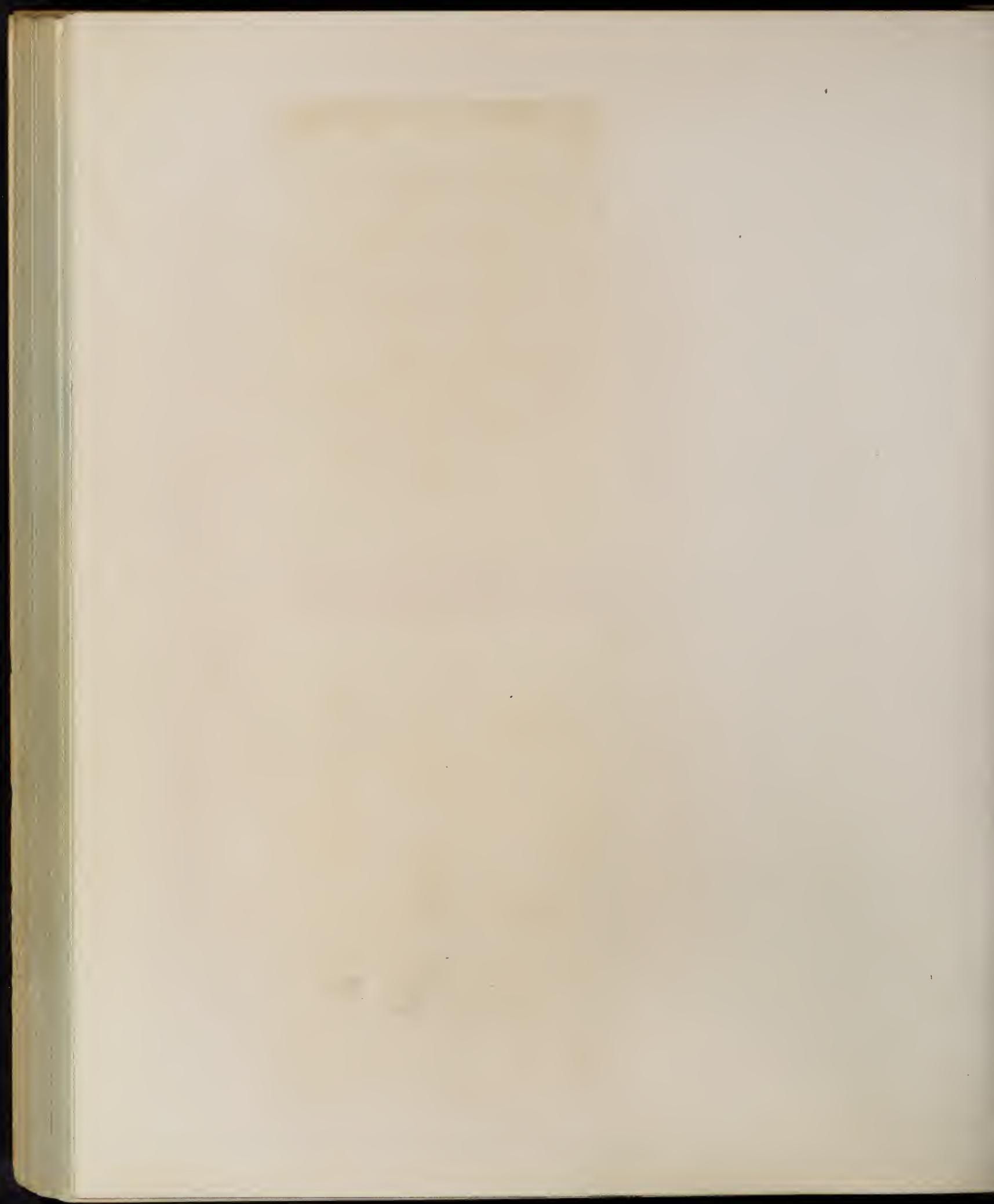
SELECTED
SCHOLARS



Lois Flick



Dorothy Parker



V
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Pat Gibson



Rolf Moseffov



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Janett Morehead



Paul Karrer



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Blanche G.



Roy Johnson



FRENDLICHT



Dori Sowers



Bill Sowers



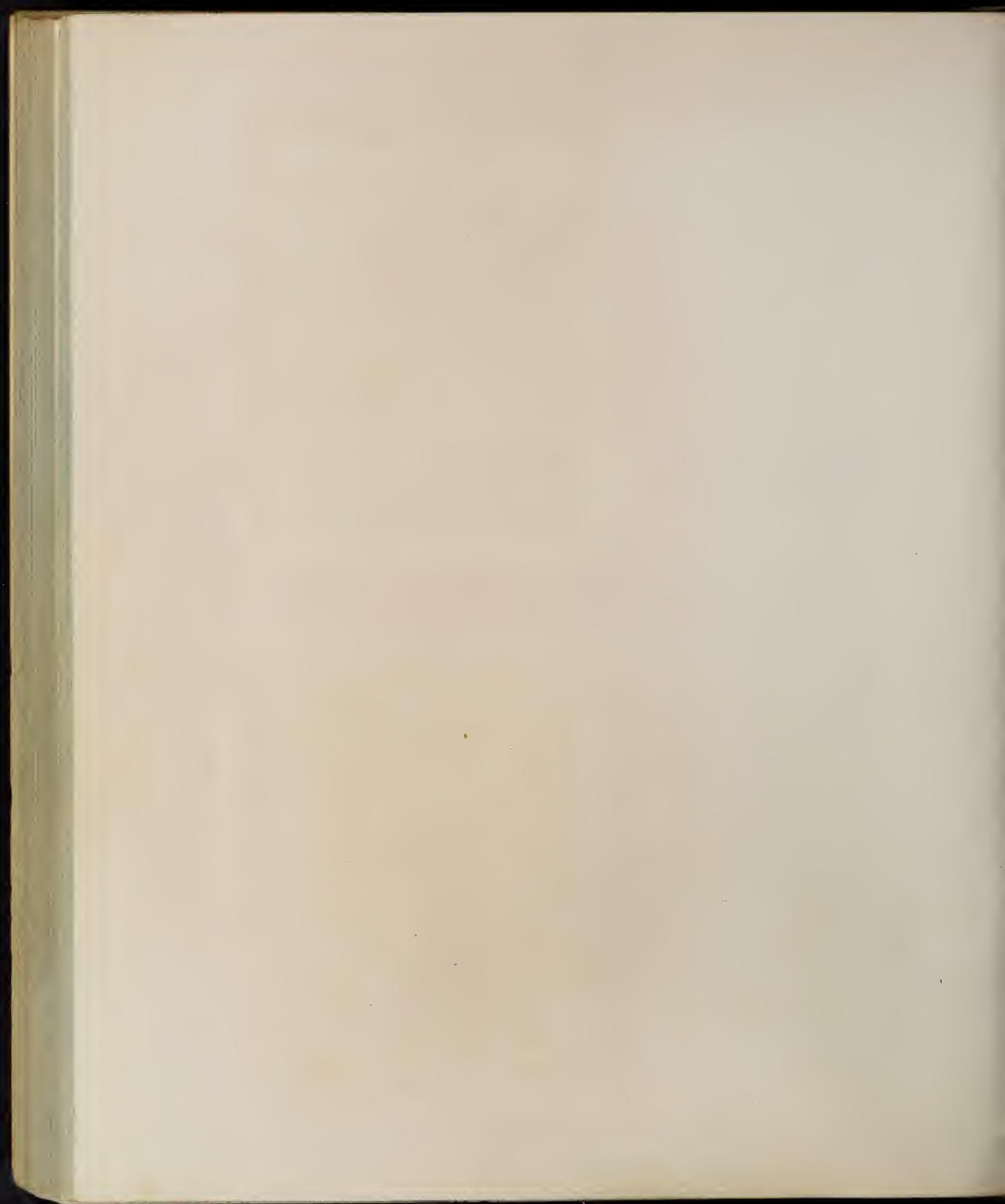
W
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Josie Shields



Naomi Green



BENZETT
ATTICKS
KIDS



Millie Ahlbrand
Josie Shields



Ed. Mann



N
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Shirley Truitt



Bud Sipes



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Doris Jackson



Don Sullivan



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Pat Travis

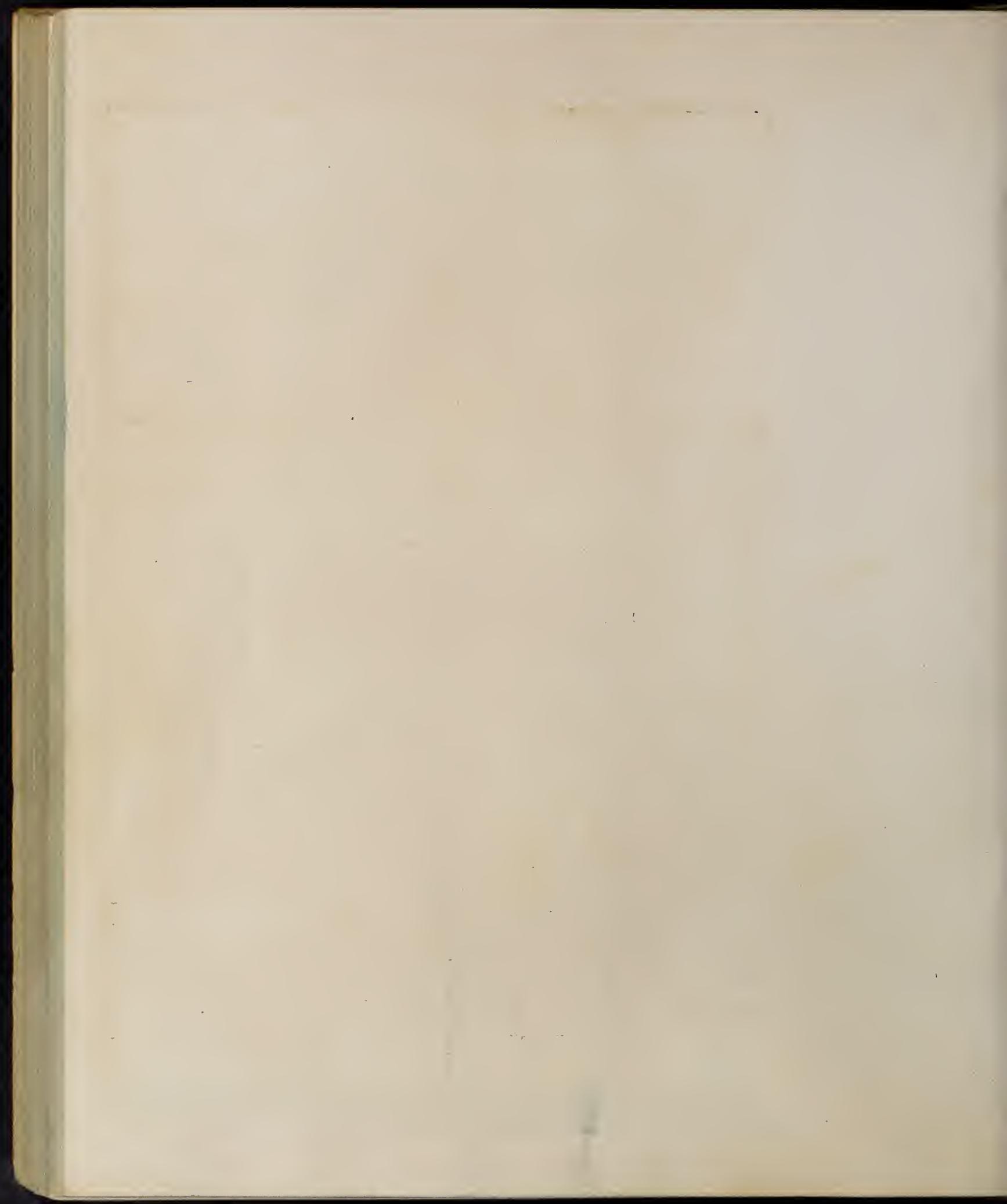


11 - 1



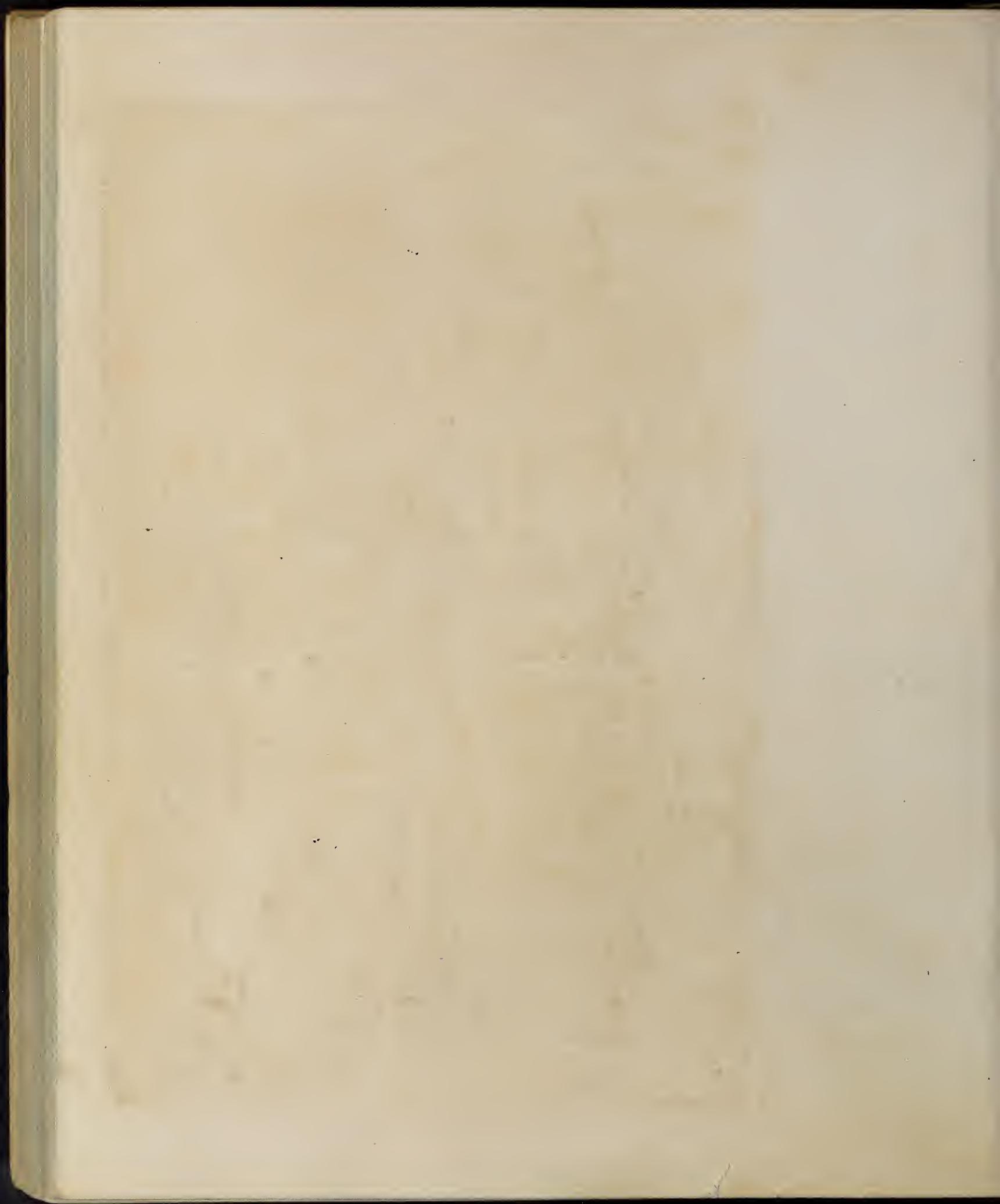
"THROUGH THE GLASS DOORS"





1. Working out?
2. Hay loft
has down.
3. Keep your
eye on him.
4. Evening devotions
5. Working or
hunting?
6. Gender pub.
7. What publicity!
8. Oh, that
bag wind!
9. Working for
doghouse.
10. Little Miss
Magnet.
11. Going somewhere?
12. "I really think
so."





1. Inter. of
attraction.

2. Cut! A mouse.

3. Studying or
drawing?

4. Holding up
the wall.

5. Sleeping
beauties.

6. Galdiorse.

7. Celebration
is coming??

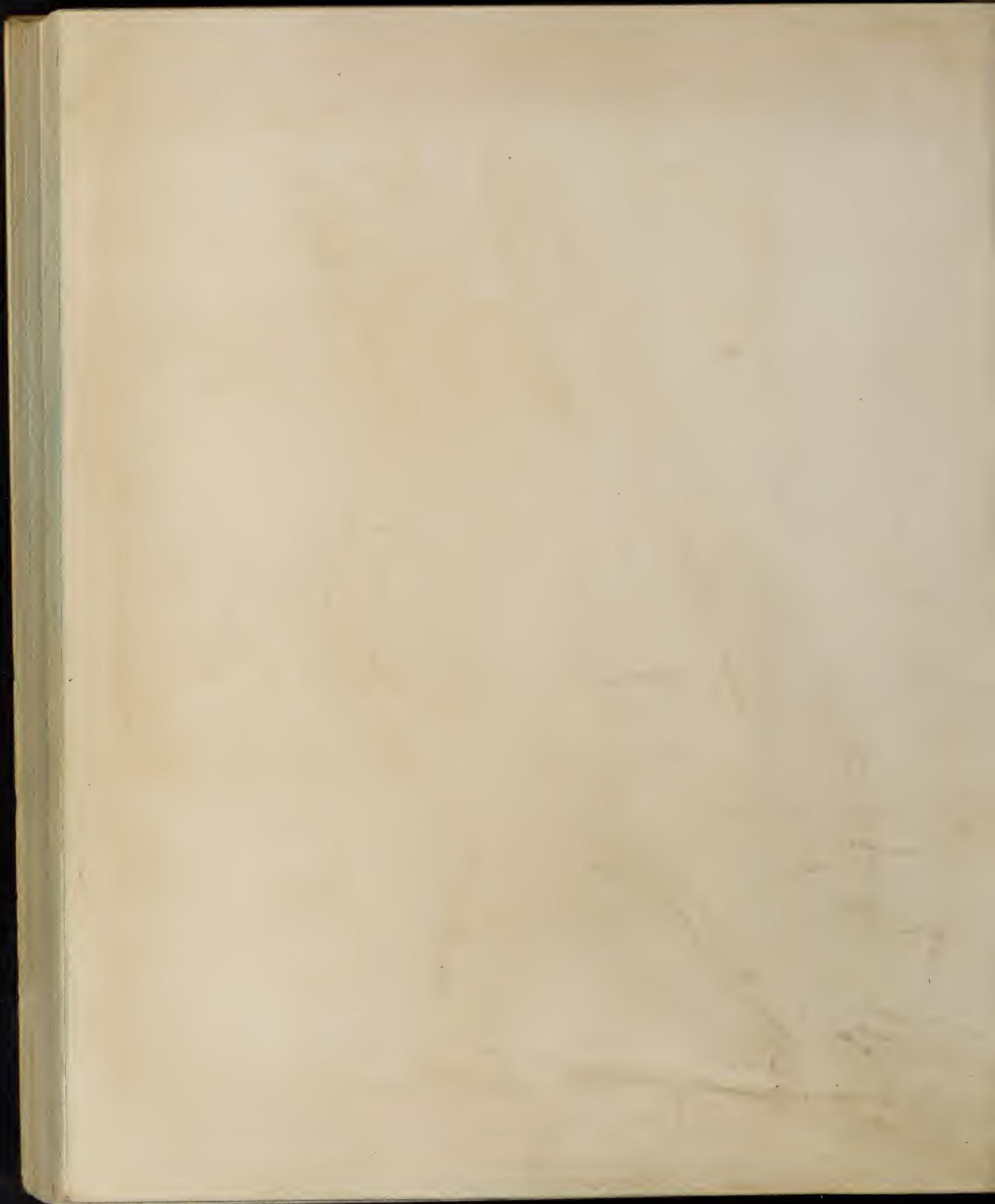
8. That's for
you.

9. All that
work!



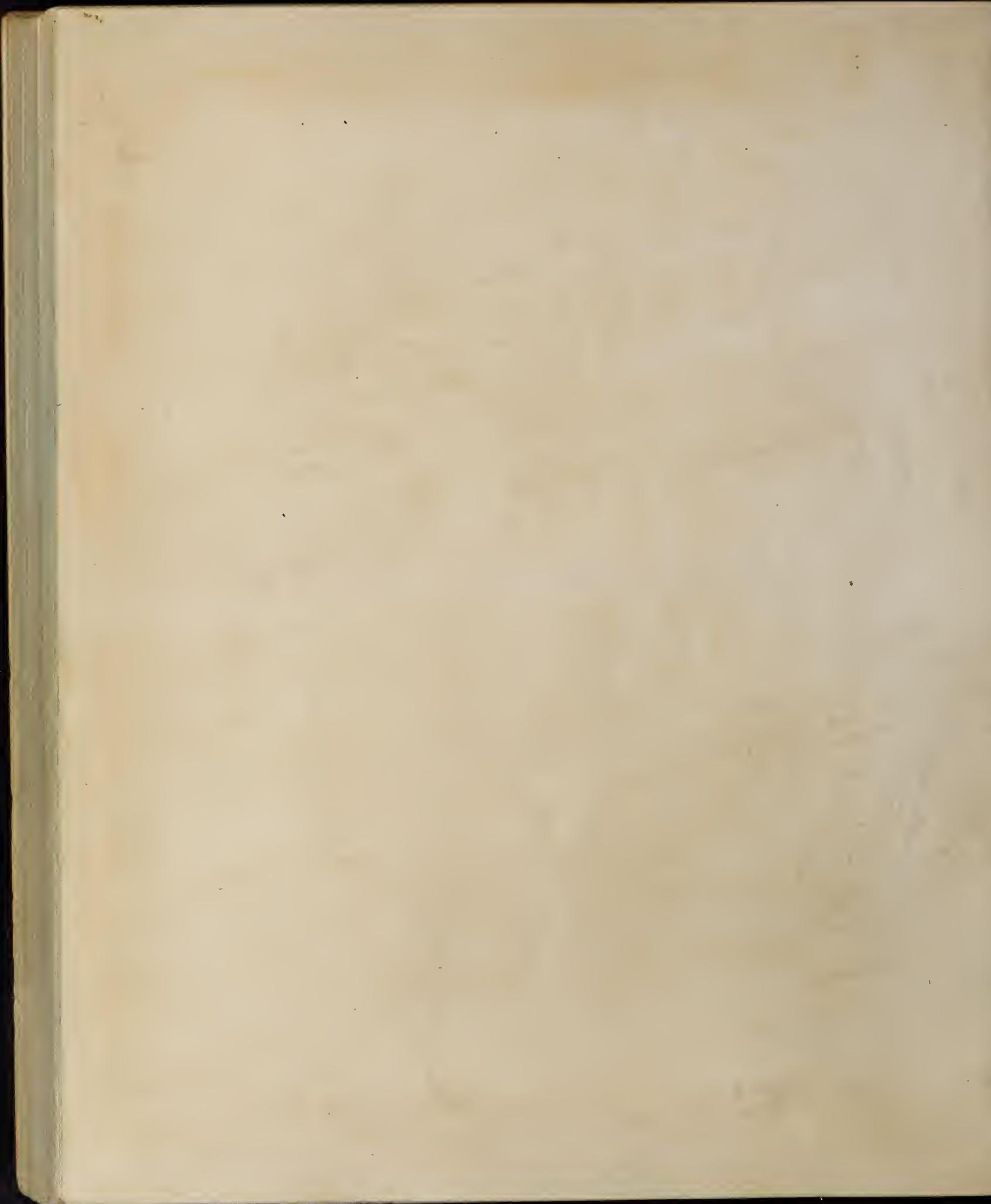






1. "The day".
 2. Pennsylvania fair.
 3. Water slide!
 4. Rose a flower.
 5. ~~flower~~.
 6. A very happy New Year you.
 7. Girls on the swing.
 8. Sleep - happy.
 9. It's all mine.
 10. What gives?
 11. "We" "We".
 12. ~~Get~~ a cold.
 13. ~~Get~~ the ~~flu~~.



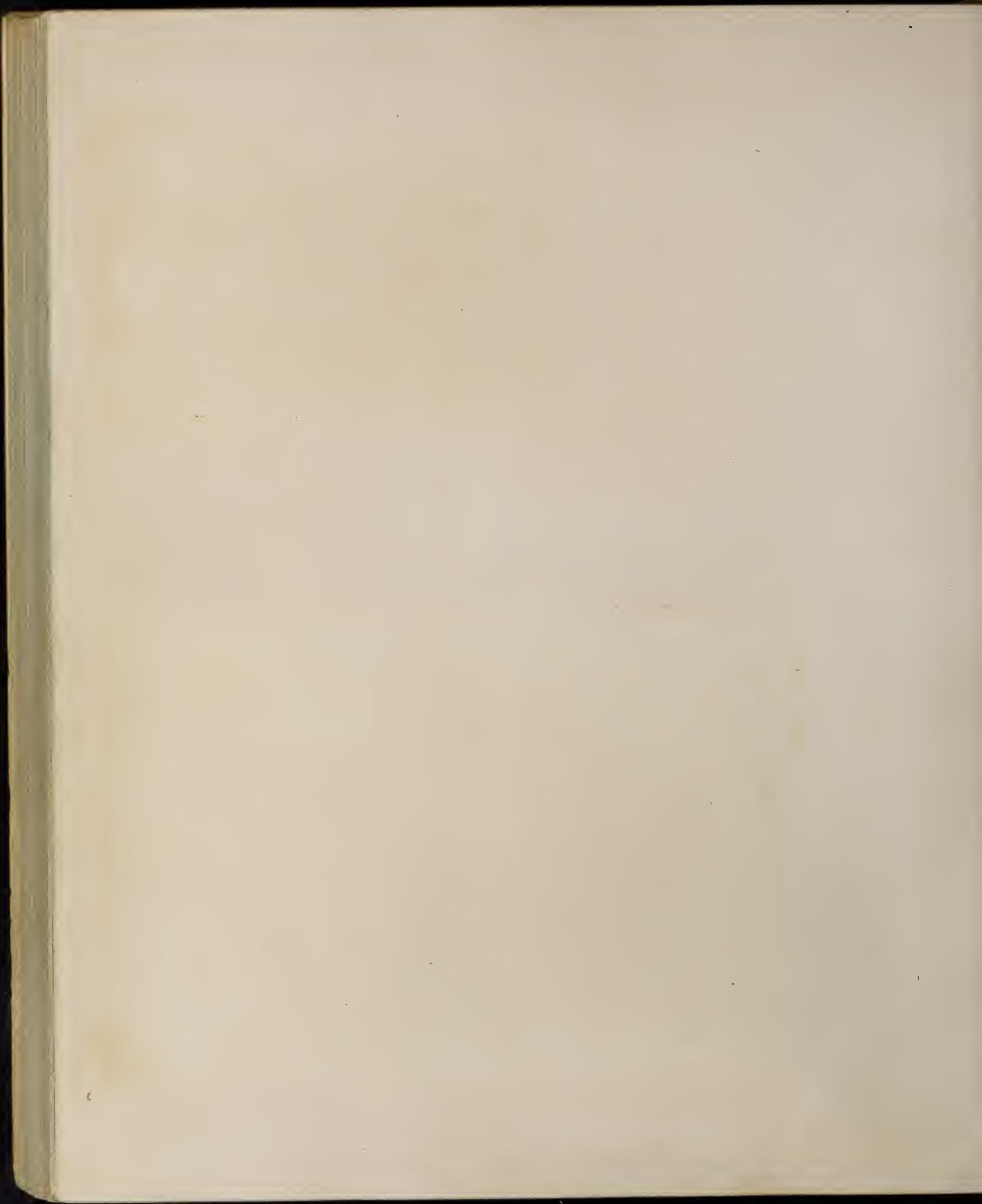




Lecture Hall



Under the Macarthur

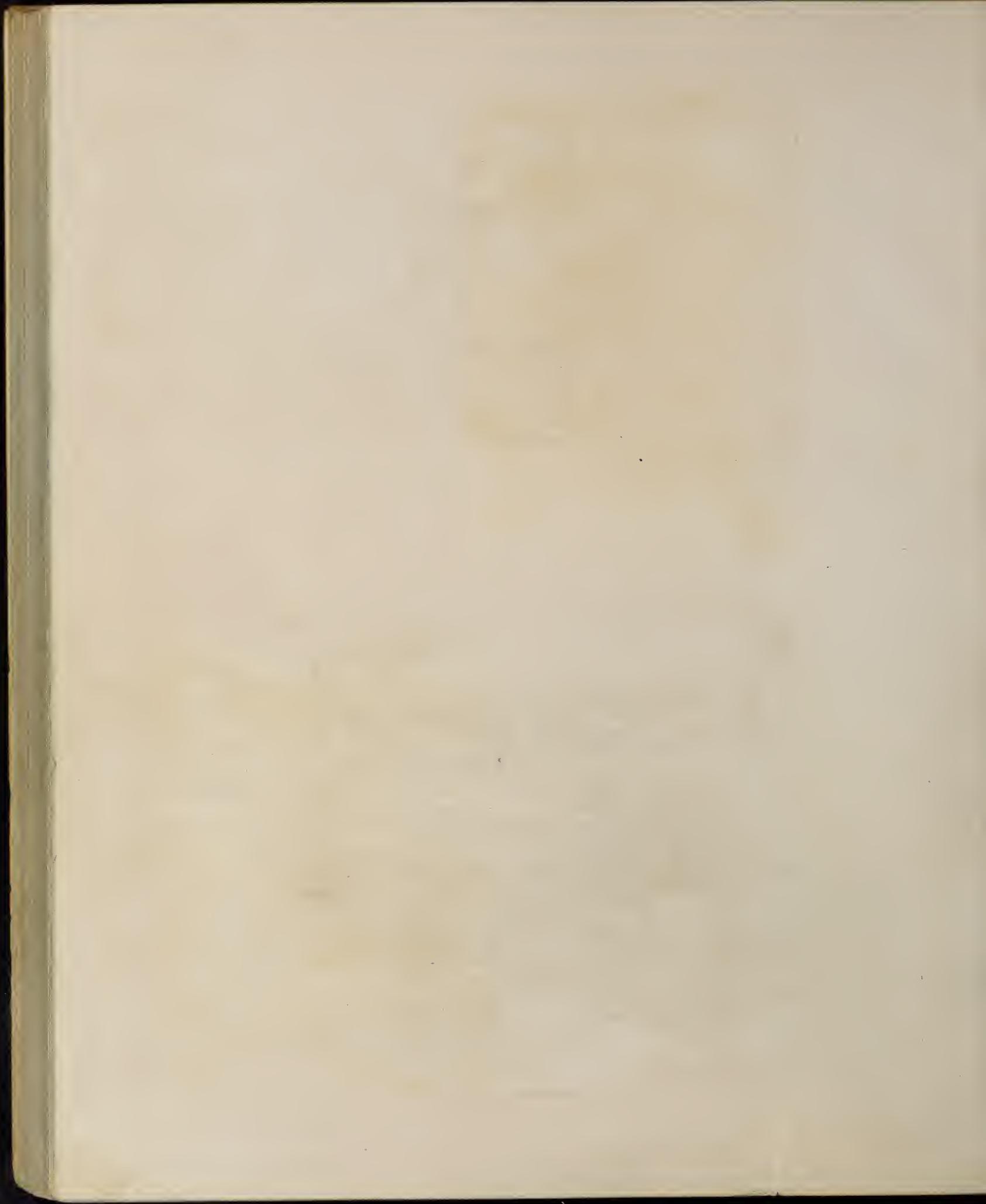




Ground Lr 1911



Earliest Stage

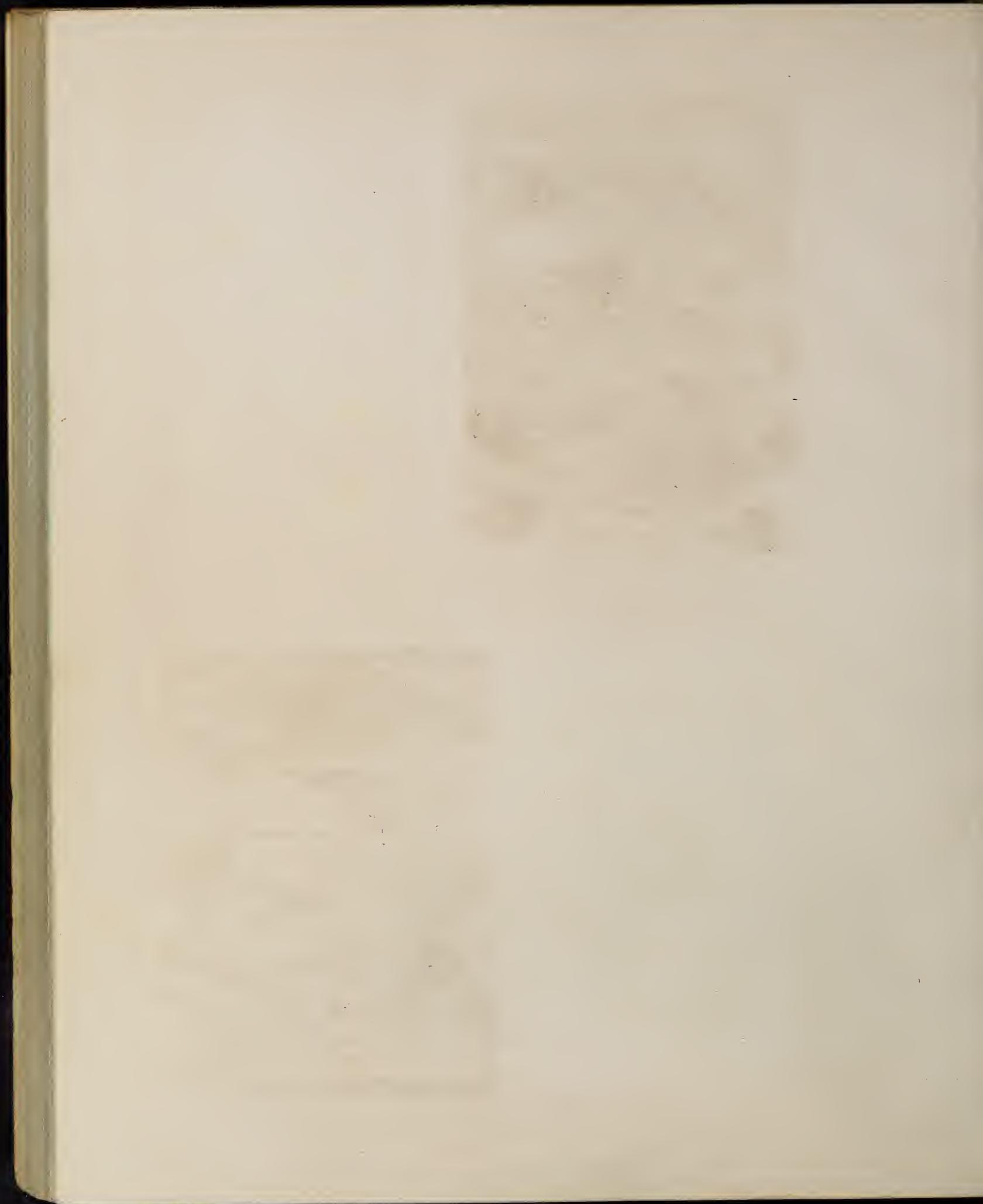




Presentation of Keys



Unveiling of Dr. Fred W. Nease's portrait



- ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS -

Prof. Spangenberg - proof-reading

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Charles Williams - artist

Doris Jackson - artist

- Thank You -

